

# **HISTORICAL PAPERS**

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**PUBLISHED BY**

**The Trinity College Historical Society**

**AND**

**The North Carolina Conference  
Historical Society**

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**SERIES IX**

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**1912**



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## PREFACE

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With this issue a change is made in the title of this publication. It was initiated in 1897 as *An Annual Publication of Historical Papers by the Historical Society of Trinity College under the supervision of the Department of History*, and appeared annually until 1901, when Professor Bassett, of the Department of History in Trinity College, became editor of the *South Atlantic Quarterly*. In 1905 publication was renewed with Series V. Since then it has been impossible for the *Papers* to appear annually. One reason for this has been the foundation of the *John Lawson Monographs* by the Historical Society in 1910. In the meanwhile the North Carolina Conference Historical Society has been accumulating material for publication and by arrangement made with a committee of that body, consisting of Rev. W. W. Rose and Rev. M. T. Plyler, that Society now endorses and contributes to the *Historical Papers*. For these reasons the words *Annual Publication* and *Under the supervision of the Department of History* have been dropped from the title page, and the name of the North Carolina Conference Historical Society has been added thereto.

WM. K. BOYD,  
*President Trinity College Historical Society.*

October 17, 1912.



# HISTORICAL PAPERS

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## SERIES NINE

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### THE REIDS: EMINENT ITINERANTS THROUGH THREE GENERATIONS.

BY REV. N. H. D. WILSON, B. D.\*

From the session of the North Carolina Conference of 1870 until the afternoon of the eighth day of November, 1872, this Conference had in its ministry three generations of one family. This fact is in itself, so far as I have been able to learn, unique in the annals of Southern Methodism; but the character, attainments, and success of these men make the case preeminently worthy of note. Frank L. Reid, known and loved by most of us, was at that time a mere lad, proving for the first time the weapons which he was to use so honorably in the years to come. His grandfather, Rev. James Reid, was the oldest member of the conference, a veteran of seventy-five years of life and of fifty-five years of service. Numa Fletcher Reid, greater than his father and greater than his son, was at that time in the zenith of his reputation and power, the acknowledged leader of the Conference. A full account of the life and labors of either of these great men would exceed the limits of this paper as well as the powers of the writer, but as a study of them as a family possess advantages, I take as my subject

#### **The Reids: Eminent Itinerants Through Three Generations.**

James Reid, the unique founder of this honorable line, was born in Caswell county, N. C., April 5, 1795. His parents, Buford Reid and wife, were among the first and best members of the Methodist Church in that section. At an early age James gave his heart to God and united with

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\* An Address to the North Carolina Conference Historical Society, 1907.

the church of his parents. According to the wise and pious custom of that day, he began while yet a boy to take part in public worship, and by this means was caused to hear a call to the ministry.

The early educational advantages of James Reid were meager, as were those of nearly all his contemporaries. But he knew that the Christ whose love had saved him was the Savior of all men every where. With that message, which the profoundest learning may only enforce and can never improve, he went forth to call a sinful world to free salvation. In 1815, being twenty years of age, he was licensed to preach, and joined the Virginia Conference, which until 1838 included the northern half of the State of North Carolina. From the founding of the North Carolina Conference he was one of its most prominent members. During fifty-eight years of active itinerant service he never missed a Conference roll-call. Those fifty-eight years were years of toil, suffering, and triumph. Sixteen years he traveled districts. Two years he was Agent of Greensboro Female College. Five years he was in charge of the African Mission at Raleigh, and twenty-nine years he traveled circuits and stations. The last six years of his life he was Agent of Sunday Schools, an office which carried no salary and was, doubtless, a nominal appointment for a veteran who would not suffer himself to be superannuated. In 1872 he was elected Superintendent of Public Education for the State upon the Republican ticket. In the bitter feeling which then accompanied politics, this act brought upon him severe malediction. I once heard James W. Reid boast that so true was his Democracy, that in casting his maiden ballot he had refused to support his own grandfather. He died before entering upon this office. On the 8th of November, 1872, on his way home, he dined at my father's house in Greensboro, and after dinner, being weary, went to his room for a rest. A short while later, a servant found him dead. I was too young at that time to have any clear recollection of



that sad event, but I can dimly remember the frantic running to and fro of the whole household in a futile effort to recall the fledged spirit.

Dr. Charles F. Deems says of the old man: "He was very politic in a most innocent way. He never sought to hurt, but always preferred to surround all his operations with a cloud of diplomacy, which was very transparent to all outside, and which exhibited his genuine kind-heartedness, and sometimes really assisted his native shrewdness without ever creating doubts as to his goodness." Illustrating this he tells of the caucus which was held by the members of the North Carolina Conference the night before the Salisbury session of 1851. In 1850 the Conference had secured the transfer of a part of the territory in this State held by the South Carolina Conference, but in 1851 steps were being taken by the South Carolina brethren to destroy the effect of this action. Our Conference was to be presided over by Bishop Andrew, a former member of the South Carolina Conference, and he was feared. So this caucus was called to guard against any injurious act by him. Feeling was intense but the matter was one of great delicacy. Uncle Reid took the floor and spoke at length. He described the situation in language which seemed most frank but which left the hearer in profound doubt as to how he himself regarded it. He closed by saying: "Mr. Chairman, I'll tell you just what kind of a resolution I want passed." "Now, thought I," says Dr. Deems, "we shall know just which side he is on. He made an impressive rhetorical pause, and looking around the room, he brought his eyes back to the chairman and waving his index finger he said slowly, 'I want a resolution that shall be clear, forcible, and to the point, but perfectly non-committal.'" But we must not judge the old man by his eccentricities alone. At the request of the family my father prepared a memorial sermon to be preached at Conference, but a sudden attack of sickness prevented him. The sermon, therefore, was preached by Dr. William Closs; and, both

from speaker and subject, was without doubt a memorable one. The names of William Closs and N. H. D. Wilson are signed to the Memoir, but I have reason to think that the latter wrote it. It is therefore my privilege to offer to you in the language of my own father the following summary of the life and work of Rev. James Reid:—

“He gave nearly fifty-eight years to the active work of the ministry, not the pleasant work of stations but mostly to circuits and districts, very large and laborious. In April, 1822, he was happily married to Martha Edwards, of Rockingham county, an amiable young lady and a devoted Christian, well adapted by character and education and disposition to be the wife of a self-sacrificing Methodist preacher. At that time there were few married traveling preachers in the Virginia Conference. In those days married preachers were not popular, and those who married located; but James Reid and his family lived on such pay as was given him and endured all manner of hardships, and still the man of God never faltered. He was an able minister of the Gospel, preached in the power and demonstration of the Spirit, and was wise in winning souls to Christ with wisdom from above.

“He was a warm hearted, able supporter of all the great enterprises of the Church. With his small salary he managed to give his children a good education and he did much to promote the cause of education in our Church and the State generally; he was not only an active, faithful trustee of our colleges, but supported them in every way with eminent ability. He was one of those clear-thinking, prudent, working men who make their mark upon the times. He was one of the fathers in the North Carolina Conference, preeminently a man of ability and weight among citizens and a man of God in the Church.”

In many respects Numa Fletcher Reid was the exact opposite of his father. His early advantages were better, and he continued throughout life a student and a thinker. He was born in Rockingham county, July 3, 1825. As his father

was that year upon the Iredell circuit, I judge that he was born at the home of his mother's father, Rev. George Edwards, a prominent citizen and a useful local Methodist preacher. His advance in education was rapid. When only thirteen years of age he entered Emory and Henry College, then just beginning its useful career under the presidency of Dr. E. E. Wiley. Here his ability and industry won success and favor, but for some reason he was unable to complete his course. Remaining all his life a student he won from Randolph-Macon the honorary degree of Master of Arts, and from the University of North Carolina the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

At sixteen years of age he began to teach. After two years in country schools, he opened an academy at Wentworth, which he continued until he entered the ministry. His success as a teacher was great. A clear mind, a firm will, a tender heart, a sound judgment, and a Christian conscience gave him a control over the minds and hearts of his pupils few possess. When scarcely twenty-one years old he married Miss Anne E. Wright, the mother of his children, and after her death, a year before his own death, he married her sister, Miss Sally Wright.

During the first year of his teaching, at a great camp-meeting at Mt. Carmel when the power of the Spirit was wondrously manifest, he gave his heart to God. He began at once to pray and exhort, and was thus led to know that he could be useful in the ministry. At first his mind had turned toward the law, and there were not wanting many to urge upon him its flattering claims. Like many a young man he stood for a while at the parting of the ways. On the one hand beckoned fame, fortune, power, wealth—all the world had to offer. But he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. When Solomon chose wisdom as his portion, riches and honors were added thereto; so when Numa Reid chose the toils and poverty of the itinerant ministry, there were added thereto fame, honor and happiness.

In 1847, Dr. Reid received license to preach. For a while he continued to teach, but in 1849 the Wentworth circuit was left open for him, and for two years he supplied it to the delight of his friends and neighbors. In 1851 he joined the North Carolina Conference at Salisbury, and was sent to one of the best of the charges in the Conference, the Tar River circuit, which centered in Louisburg and contained some of the most cultured people of that time. His two years there were a time of trial and triumph. Some years before, his brother, Wesley, a youth of character and ability, had died of consumption. During these three years his three sisters, one after another, fell victims of the same dread disease. But he faltered not.

Dr. Reid's advance in the church was almost phenomenal. From the Tar River circuit he went in succession to Wilmington, Raleigh, and Greensboro, three of the most important stations in the Conference. In each of these he won fame and favor for himself and many souls for his Lord. The remaining years of his life were spent in the presiding eldership, and few if any have seized more effectively the vast possibilities of service which that exalted office offers. In all matters of issue in the Conference he had strong, clear views, and did not hesitate to express them. Though there were giants in those days, he early became a leader. The years of his membership in the Conference were the most ominous of our history. Great questions involving the life of the Church and the State demanded solution. During his ministry the Raleigh *Advocate* was born; Trinity College passed into the hands of the Conference; Greensboro Female College reached its zenith, fell before the destroyer, and was rebuilt; the terrible war between the States gathered, burst in devastating fury, and died into a sullen calm; Reconstruction wrought its horrors; the Smith-Decms feud well nigh rent the church; and, under pressure from without and within, the polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, suffered greater alteration than at any other time in its his-

tory. In all these Numa Fletcher Reid bore bravely his part as God gave him to see the right.

He was four times elected to the General Conference, the last three times leading the delegation. It is said that one time he received all the votes save one, at another time all save three, and at another all save five. The General Conference of 1862 was not held, on account of the war, and he was obliged to leave the General Conference of 1866 in its opening days on account of sickness, thus being absent from the greatest session of the law-making body of the church ever held. In 1858 and 1870 he doubtless was active and influential, serving there with fidelity and discretion which marked his work elsewhere, but as the General Conference work is so largely done in committees, it is impossible at this day to judge his service. In the internal affairs of the North Carolina Conference his influence can be more accurately traced. He was a friend of the *Raleigh Advocate* and a valuable contributor to its columns. Trinity College owes much to him. In 1856 he advocated the acceptance of the school as a Conference College, not shrinking from crossing swords with his own father, who wished to remain loyal to Randolph-Macon College. He was for many years an active trustee, and in 1863, when the destiny of the college was again in the balance, his eloquent voice was heard in her vindication. The names of B. Craven and N. H. D. Wilson were signed with his to the report which, after a bitter fight, was adopted. He was chairman of the Board of Trustees of Greensboro Female College in the day of her dire distress, and with Rev. William Barringer was chiefly instrumental in restoring the building burnt in 1863. At that time my father was a banker in the city of Greensboro. While at no time ceasing to preach, and with the exception of a year or two in active charge of work, he had, through the exigencies of ill health and the pressure of the war, been forced into business life. To him Dr. Reid and Brother Barringer turned in the time of the college's great need. He had already

given freely and had loaned all that seemed to him wise, but there now came a time when the very life of the college seemed at stake. The walls were up but unprotected, and winter was hastening. It seemed that money sufficient for the work could not be had from any source. Barringer and Reid, his two comrades, colleagues in the work of God, entered his office and almost with tears in their eyes besought him to make another advance of a large sum of money. He clearly realized the risk, and hesitated, but they assured him that they would stand behind the loan with all their influence, and that the church would pay the debt. At last, knowing well the danger, for friendship's sake, for the church's sake, and for God's sake, he took the step which wrecked his fortune and added untold burdens to his life. For before the college had opened Brother Barringer, falling from the walls of the college, was killed, and in a few weeks Dr. Reid also died. But why should I grieve? My father held his friends in tenderest remembrance till the day of his death; he loved his church with even greater devotion and never failed to find excuses for her unfaithfulness, and he never doubted that disappointment, loss, poverty, and burdens were God's loving will working him good. For he was

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

Beside Dr. Reid's activity within the church, he was an ardent member of the Masonic Fraternity, and one of the masterpieces of his oratory was his address at the centennial of the Fraternity in North Carolina, held in Raleigh January 14, 1871. This oration with a number of his sermons and other speeches were published after his death under the editorship of his sons, James W. Reid, Esq., and Rev. F. L. Reid. The Biographical Sketch in this volume was prepared by the Rev. John W. Lewis, Dr. Reid's brother-in-law,

himself an honored member of the North Carolina Conference. This sketch has been the chief source of my information about the first two generations of this remarkable family. The volume of sermons received flattering reception and is perhaps the most widely circulated volume of Methodist sermons in North Carolina today.

During the spring of 1873 the delicate frame, which, according to Dr. Reid's own word, had been sustained from the days of childhood by prayer, yielded to the accumulated blows of the Destroyer. On the 6th day of June, 1877, shortly after he had said to his son, "Frank, I see my mother and your mother," the tired body found rest, and the liberated soul swept out into the realities of eternity. His funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Braxton Craver on June 8th, in the church at Wentworth, where most of his life had been lived and where he died. It was a friend's magnificent tribute to his friend, from the appropriate text, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" At the Conference session my father preached the Memorial Sermon. There had fallen that year William Holmes, a veteran, Alfred Norman, another veteran who had been my father's senior preacher the first year he was in the Conference, William Barringer, his neighbor and friend for years, and N. F. Reid, another of his dearest friends. He chose on that occasion for his text St. Paul's psalm of triumph: "I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge, will give at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing."—II Tim. iv, 6-8.

In 1870, while James Reid was the reverend senior veteran of the Conference and N. F. Reid its idolized leader, Frank Lewis Reid, a boy of nineteen years was received on trial. Born in Rockingham county, June 16, 1851, he early

received wise mental and spiritual training, indeed he developed almost prematurely. He was early converted and while a student at Trinity College was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of High Point and Trinity College station, over which his father presided. After his graduation and a short term of teaching he joined the North Carolina Conference at Greensboro.

The first three years of his ministry were spent successfully on the Madison circuit in his native county. Here he married Miss Minnie F. Cardwell. Next he filled a four-year term to the satisfaction and edification of the cultured town of Louisburg. During the last year he was elected President of Louisburg Female College, but resigned after only one year of service. Brother Reid seemed upon the threshold of a pastorate of eminent usefulness, but a weak throat made the longer continuance of the pastorate impossible. So in October of 1878 he, with Dr. W. S. Black, bought the *Raleigh Advocate* from Dr. J. B. Bobbitt; then he entered upon the real work of his life. Twice afterward he was temporarily in charge of other work. In 1881 he filled out Rev. A. A. Boshamer's year as pastor of Edenton Street Church, Raleigh, and in 1888 he became, at my father's death, Presiding Elder of the Raleigh District. During 1884 he purchased Dr. Black's interest in the *Advocate* and remained sole owner and editor until he accepted the presidency of Greensboro Female College in 1893. He, like his father, was a member of the Masonic Fraternity, and was twice the Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina. He was appointed Director of the Penitentiary by Governor Scales, and a Director of the North Carolina Railroad by Governor Carr. In connection with the Penitentiary there occurred an incident which showed Frank Reid's wisdom, moral courage, and tenderness of heart. For some reason a guard had knocked a convict down with a heavy weapon. The negroes, seeing the bloody and apparently dead body borne by, became possessed with an insane fear that they



all were to be butchered. When ordered to their cells they refused to go, and, tearing up the pavement of the prison, they were ready to meet force with bloody resistance. The military companies of Raleigh were ordered out to quell the mutiny, and the Raleigh negroes, sullen and bitter, began to gather to help their brethren within. The scene seemed laid for a tragedy. Dr. Reid, the only Director in the city, was summoned, and with authority to use the military to the utmost, was in charge. A foolish public clamored for the order to fire to be given; and, if I am rightly informed, the State officers and the officials of the Penitentiary sympathized with the demand. But Frank Reid was resolved that not one of the poor frenzied prisoners should be hurt. He sought to reason with them, but that proved of no avail. Knowing the nature of the negro well, he then called them to prayer. For this he was the butt of ridicule to certain people, but "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." In a short time the frenzy was over, the soldiers disbanded, and the sullen negroes without dispersed.

My personal relations with Dr. Reid began under circumstances which will also shed light upon his character. When his father had died and my father became his successor, being at that time a man of means, he gave to Mrs. Reid and the children the full salary for the year. So when my father died, Dr. Frank Reid desired to do as nearly as possible the same thing for my mother. But as his health was not robust he conditioned that I enter the office as his assistant. He always thought that the double work of this year was the cause of his broken health. At the District Conference he was taken violently ill. I well remember the day when, without warning, after only three weeks experience, with the work behind because both of us had been out of the office, the whole responsibility of the paper was thrown upon me. For the first time since Dr. Reid had been editor the paper went to press without the careful scrutiny of his eye. It thus became a custom for him to secure my help during my vacations. A part of

the time he would give to lighter work and a part to perfect rest. By reason of the resulting intimacy, I came to have an almost unequaled knowledge of the man. When he was first asked to accept the presidency of Greensboro Female College, he urged me to surrender my pastorate at Franklinton to become the managing editor of the *Advocate*, he to remain the owner and editor. His propositions were not only fair but flattering, and there was no one with whom I would more gladly have been associated, but I felt it my duty to refuse. He therefore at first declined the offer of the college, but when it was urged and he was able to make an admirable provision for the paper, he accepted, and in the summer of 1893 entered upon the duties of his new office.

I will allow another, his colleague in that noble institution and a careful student of her history, to tell of his work there. Dr. C. L. Raper says:

“Rev. Frank L. Reid, D. D., became Dr. Dixon’s successor. He came at a time when great ability was required. The State Normal and Industrial College for Women had opened up at Greensboro, October, 1892. This was supported by the State and the Peabody funds, and had one of the strongest faculties ever gathered together in North Carolina. For some time many thought that this institution would soon prove the ruin of Greensboro Female College. Such forebodings were false. Dr. Reid, one of the very ablest men of his day, was at the head, and he knew no failure. Though he was the guide but little more than a year, still that time is very precious in the history of the college. He brought new life and hopes to the faculty and students, he purchased the first real chemical equipment the institution ever had at a cost of \$600, he erected the President’s Residence, he enlarged the scope of the institution and made and confirmed friends here and there.”

A few months before Dr. Reid’s death, Judge Walter Clark had written of him: “The full measure of Dr. Reid’s fame and usefulness has by no means yet been reached. He

is still a young man, and is one of that small class of men who grow with the demands made upon them. If spared by Divine Providence, he will render yet more distinguished service to his church and to the people of his native state." But he was not to be spared. When yet but forty-three years of age his work was ended. His death, which occurred September 14, 1894, seemed a terrible blow to his family, his college, his church, and his state, but as he was wont to quote:

"Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars forever more have set,  
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us out of life's dark night  
As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
And how what seemed reproof, was love most true."

Perhaps my very nearness to Dr. Reid may disqualify me to judge, but many wiser than I have pronounced him a remarkable man. He was not a great scholar. He was far too full of the practical duties of life for that. But he had read much and had no small resource of information. He was not his father's equal as a preacher, but he was an able, interesting, and instructive preacher, always welcomed to our best pulpits. I shall ever remember one sermon I heard him preach. It was at the time of the severest trial of his life when, through the sins of one dear unto him, he had suffered much. His theme was the "Blessings of Affliction." The whole sermon was impressive and he closed with a masterly recitation of George Herbert's poem, which ends:

"If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse  
May toss him to my breast."

Nor would I even say that Dr. Reid was a great writer. He was practical rather than profound. But he was a great editor. His style was pure, clear, strong. His judgment of men was excellent. He was delightfully complimentary, but never

effusively so. And he had practical wisdom. Usually right himself, he was wise enough to heed the advice of those older than he. And as a business man he deserved the remarkable tribute which I draw from a private letter from one of Raleigh's great business men, Joseph G. Brown, President of the Citizen's Bank:—

“Frank Reid was a genius. He was one of the few preachers I have known who could mingle freely with business men and participate in the affairs of their daily life without, in any way, impairing his influence and his popularity as a preacher. While a resident of this city as the editor of the *Advocate*, his public spirit led him to keep in closest touch with the commercial and industrial as well as the religious life of the community, and yet our people in every denomination always heard him gladly when he officiated in the pulpits of the city. He had a faculty of reaching a conclusion as to his own course of action promptly and wisely, and of leading others to his way of thinking. He was easily a leader. In business he was prudent and careful, and always trustworthy. His word was his bond. I have had to do with many an estate—estates of business and professional men,—and in no single instance have I found affairs so well systematized and so plainly set forth in every detail as his matters, and no one of my acquaintances has so clearly indicated the wisest course of dealing with his estate for the guidance of his family.”

Such ability, coupled with years of toil, made him successful in building up the *Advocate*. But no man can ever know the load he carried through the years of his ownership of the paper. About him and about it beat many bitter storms. These I have not space to consider justly. It may be that much of that history ought to be forgotten, but I can but hope that some man, wise and discreet, may be chosen to open to us at no distant session “The Biography of Old *Raleigh*.” Her youth was checkered, her maidenhood stormy, her married life unhappy, her divorce to be bewailed, but fair skies

now shine over her. Long, useful, and happy be her days! It must be said that Dr. Reid took the paper small and poorly patronized, and turned it over to his successors triumphant over all opposition, with a large patronage and the organ of the united Methodists of North Carolina.

His influence was also felt in every department of the life of the church. He did valiant service in the effort to secure the North Carolina territory from the Virginia Conference. He was a most efficient friend and trustee of Trinity College. He secured the funds to furnish the new buildings at Durham. In 1890 he was a member of the General Conference and in 1891 was appointed a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference at Washington. In young manhood he received the degree of Master of Arts from Trinity College, and in 1890 was made Doctor of Divinity by the University of North Carolina. But best of all, Frank Reid was a great man—a Christian man. I knew his sweet home life: a truer, tenderer father and husband I never saw. I knew his dealings with the workmen in his employ: they almost worshipped him. I knew his loyalty to his State and to his Church, his love for his brethren and for his God. In all these he was a great man.

The lives of Numa Fletcher Reid and Frank L. Reid, his son, repudiate the slander so oft disproved and yet again and again repeated against "the preacher's son."

One of the greatest of Dr. N. F. Reid's published sermons was on the "Pastorate." Its eloquent conclusion illustrates the great preacher's style when under emotion, but more, it gives worthy utterance to the hope which inspired his own life and the lives of his father and of his son. In the strength of it they wrought. May it inspire us to like fidelity and victory. He exclaims:

"Now for his reward! A few words are sufficient for this. 'Shall, doubtless, come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' Shall come to rest and luxuriate, bringing the fruit of his toil along. Has he aspirations? Does he

love fame—'distinction? It is all right, only let him keep it elevated. He may be brim full of it, if he will only give it its true object. Does he long for rest—cessation from toil? Does he wish to exchange his weeping for rejoicing? Does he want a home, a house? Let him sow now in vales with tears—sow in cabins; let handfuls be sown in the abodes of misery, stock the highway furrows, try some near the rock, scatter it in palaces, 'and in due season he shall reap if he faint not.' When the great harvest comes; when the reapers descend; when the pomp of this world shall pale before the second coming; when the waning splendor of the crumbling thrones of earth shall be brought in contrast with that which shall descend from above; 'when victors' wreathes and monarchs' gems shall be overshadowed by crowns that outglitter a universe of suns; when the men who have gone down under drum-roll and cannon's boom, whose death-draped empires in mourning shall wake up from beneath their monuments of brass and marble, astounded and amazed to find them, as they are, toppling and falling symbols of their folly and testimonials to their perverted aspirations;—Oh, then he, and you, and all God's preachers, shall come rejoicing, bringing your sheaves with you. Then will be seen what is the true good. That will be your time. You are the men of importance then. That will be the time when you will figure. I had rather be one of you then, even the humblest, I am sure, than he who has gained the whole world. Let us go forward, if we can, to the scene. There see an old yoke-fellow in the Gospel; I have seen him before, heard him preach, was but little impressed; saw him die, passed his tomb, read the inscription—it was a plain stone, smoothed and sculptured by unskilled hands—it read: 'In memory of Rev. John Faithful. He was a plain, unassuming man, limited in education, but of good native talent; holy and devoted to his work; the widow's friend, the orphan's benefactor; he sowed in tears and died in peace.' There he is; see! Who are those by his side? women and children? They look like sheaves;

now they are changing into stars and are being set in a crown. What a crown! My God, is it not a good time for him? There are others there we know. Hezekiah Leigh, Compton, Brame, Rich, Bumpass, Brent, Nesbit, Newby, Nicholson. They all have their sheaves with them, and there are their crowns, and harps, and palms, and they are all singing 'Worthy is the Lamb that died,' 'Redeeming love—all for love of us.' Ah, my brethren, if I am so fortunate to be numbered in that company, I tell you what I intend to say, if no one else says it first—the first hull that comes in the song I intend to say:—

“Angels assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold,  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.”

## SOME FIRST THINGS IN NORTH CAROLINA METHODISM\*

BY REV. W. L. GRISSOM.

The very first thing connected with Methodism in North Carolina was a Methodist preacher; his name was Joseph Pilmoor. He was a scholarly, polished gentleman. He preached the first Methodist sermon ever delivered in North Carolina on September 28, 1772, from the text: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." This was a good text to kindle the flame that was soon to spread over the colony like wild fire. It was preached at Currituck Court House; it made a profound impression upon the congregation present, and at the close of the service Col. Hallowell Williams invited the preacher home with him for dinner. Hence, Colonel Williams has the honor of being the first North Carolinian to entertain a Methodist preacher. Doctor Coke stopped with him in 1785 and speaks of him in very complimentary terms. Colonel Williams was a member of that session of the Provincial Congress which met in Halifax in 1776 and was Colonel of the field officers of Currituck. He became an active Methodist and was a faithful worker in his church. But because he entertained the first Methodist preacher to enter North Carolina I would, if I could, embalm his memory so that Time's ruthless hand could never reach it or destroy it.

One of the great forces in Methodism has been her work in Christian education. Where did this great movement start? Did it have its beginning in New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, our great cities to the north of us? Did it have its origin in Virginia or South Carolina? All these places have originated some things, but the first effort put forth by the Methodists in beginning the work of Christian education in America had its origin in North Carolina; for the first contributions to a Methodist school were made by two laymen on the Old Roanoke Circuit, and you can never make

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a complete list of the benefactors to education in North Carolina until you head it with the names of Gabriel Long and Mr. Bustian. A monument should be erected to their memory.

Whether these contributions went to the erection of Cokesbury College in Maryland, or to the Cokesbury School on the Yadkin, we are not able to say, but we do know that the first Conference school in America—the first to receive an appointment from the Conference—was the Cokesbury School in what is now Davie county, on the west side of the Yadkin river, in North Carolina. At the Conference which convened on December 9, 1783, James Parks was taken from the Salisbury District and appointed Principal of the Cokesbury School. So while Cokesbury College in Maryland was the first Methodist college in America, the Cokesbury school on the Yadkin was the first Methodist Conference high school, or preparatory school, in America. It had a small building, about twenty feet square. It was a small beginning. There was no great library or well-furnished dormitories or lecture halls with steam heat, but there Christian education as taught by the Methodists had its origin in North Carolina. It does us good sometimes to go back and see from whence we came; so that after a lapse of 118 years we see a great change. Instead of the one little school mentioned above, we see a great number of first-class schools which are worthy successors of the little Cokesbury School, and above all, we see Trinity College, towering up with a great and mighty purpose, charged with life and activity, sending out an influence that is strengthening and brightening our whole Southland. When we take this survey, and others in connection with our Methodism, after nearly a century and a quarter, we feel like exclaiming: "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad."

But the great educational work done by the Methodist society in its early days was not done with classic walls, but its greatest educational force was the itinerant preacher him-

self. While not always educated in the highest and best sense of the term, he has always stood for high ideals, and has been ready at all times to put forth every effort for the uplifting and betterment of the community in which he lives. From the time that the Methodist preacher first placed his foot on North Carolina soil, he has been quite a factor in solving its educational problem. The itinerant preacher went everywhere; into the most obscure neighborhoods, partaking of their humble hospitality, and hence coming in contact with the poorest class of society. Here he sat and talked of men and things while the family group listened with attentive ears, until a late hour of the night. Such a visit often marked an epoch in the home. New aspirations were kindled in the hearts of young and old, higher ideals were realized, and the seeds were sown, the harvest of which we are still reaping. Judge Gaston, one of the most eminent jurists of his day, and who was a Roman Catholic in his religion, said that "the Methodist ministry has done more to improve the society of the rural districts than any other class of men, or any other class of agencies, that had ever been brought to bear on this subject."

Not only does North Carolina claim that the first educational movement in American Methodism was conceived in North Carolina, but that her first publishing interest was projected from this State. Robert Williams, one of the first pioneers in North Carolina, published Mr. Wesley's sermons and some tracts and scattered them wherever he went. Mr. Wesley was a great writer and publisher, and he required his preachers to circulate good books as a part of their work, and in 1786 John Dickens, who was on the Bertie circuit, prepared the Discipline, in its present form, for publication. Previous to this the Discipline was in the form of questions and answers, but the work of John Dickens was to recast it into sections and paragraphs, similar to its present appearance. During this time he lived near Halifax, in his own house. On March 25, 1786, we find Bishop Asbury making

the following entry in his Journal: "Read our form of Discipline, in manuscript, which Brother Dickens has been preparing for the press." In 1787 it was published in pamphlet form, which was the third edition.

Does not every circuit preacher in North Carolina feel a commendable pride in the fact that our Discipline was formulated and written by a circuit rider on the Old Bertie Circuit? Three years after this John Dickens moved to Philadelphia and laid the foundation of the great Methodist Book Concern with his own capital, amounting to about \$600.00.

It will be interesting to note in this connection that the first Methodist periodical published in America originated in North Carolina. It was *The Armenian Magazine*, and was issued monthly during a part of 1789 and 1790. It was launched from a Conference at McKnight's Meeting House, which convened on April 10, 1789. The prospectus contains four pages and was signed, "Thomas Coke, Francis Asbury, North Carolina, April 10th, 1789." This was, no doubt, one of the items referred to by Bishop Asbury in writing of this Conference, where he says: "We had weighty matters for consideration before us." It would be interesting to some of us to visit the site of McKnight's Meeting House, where a few foundation stones mark the spot in an old field on the east side of the Yadkin river, near Clemmons ville. Here several of the early Conferences were held, and here was conceived the first project of a Methodist periodical in America. Each magazine contained a sermon on doctrinal subjects. Coke's and Asbury's Journals are run through several issues, and much valuable information on various subjects is found in every number; but at the expiration of two years, for some reason—perhaps for the lack of funds,—it was suspended.

Another movement that had its origin in North Carolina, and that meant much to Methodism during the first half of the last century, was that of the Camp Meeting. Now some of my brethren, who have been reading Methodist history

for half a century, may feel that we cannot justify the claim, for all the general histories of Methodism, so far as I know, have given this honor to Kentucky, but I make the claim for North Carolina without fear of successful contradiction. And I further claim that these histories will have to be revised, and North Carolina given her dues, before they are correct. In fact, the editor of the *Central Methodist*, published in Louisville, Ky., devoted about a page of his paper in reviewing my *History of Methodism in North Carolina*, and practically conceded the honor of originating the Camp Meeting to North Carolina. But it may be asked, Why was it that others have claimed what justly belongs to North Carolina? It was not because any one did an intentional wrong, but it was because North Carolina made history and did not write it.

It is not the purpose of this paper to go into any argument to establish the claim here made, more than to say that in 1789 and 1790 Daniel Asbury and John McGee were missionaries west of the Catawba river. There were no houses of worship; the country was sparsely settled, and they would come together at some central point from many miles away; they could not return to their homes at night, and a great revival was in progress in the grove, so that the people remained and camped while the work of God moved on. Hence, Camp Meetings naturally grew out of a necessity. After these meetings had been conducted for several years in western North Carolina, John McGee moved west and introduced them into Tennessee and Kentucky, and they were published abroad as something new that had just been discovered, and North Carolina slept on and never contradicted it.

Such meetings soon became very popular throughout the church, and the good they have done eternity alone can tell. One was held near Statesville in February, 1802, where great interest was manifested. From Saturday until Tuesday, ten o'clock, the cries of the wounded, and singing, praying, and

shouting continued without intermission. Near one hundred were under the operations of Grace at one time.

As we speak of Camp Meetings, a picture arises before my mind. It is that of a great arbor, with light-wood fires blazing all around it, the sounding of a trumpet, the gathering of a great congregation, while all the people joined in singing some old Methodist hymn that was an inspiration to every one present. The preacher delivers his sermon with great power, and the cries of the penitents and the shouts of the saints are heard until a late hour of the night. These are hallowed memories! Conditions have changed, and other agencies are being used, while the Camp Meeting is largely a thing of the past. Instead of the brush arbor, the school house, and log meeting house in the scattered settlements, we have magnificent church edifices in the country places and in every town and hamlet. Instead of the class meetings and Camp Meetings, we have our Epworth Leagues and Chautauquas and Tent meetings. And instead of the Hallelujahs of the olden days, we have the Quiet Hour. But God is the same, and those who earnestly seek after Him can come into vital union with Him.

It is not necessary for me to say to this audience that the first Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America was held at Green Hills, near Louisburg, in North Carolina. That has been claimed and published to the world for several years, and yet we find some occasionally who contradict this claim. But I think this is due to the fact that they do not make the distinction between a society and a church. The first Conference of the Methodist Society was held in Philadelphia. The first conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in North Carolina.

Let us peep into the upper room where this conference was held. There were only about twenty present, but some of these had come for hundreds of miles on horseback. Green Hills entertained the most of them, spreading beds on the floor at night upon which they slept. Bishop Asbury, since

the meeting of the Christmas Conference in Baltimore, had gone as far south as Charleston, and had returned. Doctor Coke had gone as far north as New York, and returning reached Green Hills on April 19th. One of the most prominent figures at this conference was Jesse Lee. He and Doctor Coke engaged in a very heated debate on the subject of slavery. Financial matters claimed but little of their time. They had a passion for souls, and God blessed their labors. Contrast in your mind tonight this first Conference in North Carolina with the one that will open here tomorrow morning. Instead of coming on horseback, exposed to all kinds of weather, the members will come in perfect comfort from every direction, at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour. Time has made numerous changes, and we should be thankful for many of them. And as we think of the beginnings of Methodism in North Carolina, and what it required to plant it here, the hardships endured, the persecutions met, and the earnest and constant toil, our hearts should swell with gratitude; for we do owe a debt of gratitude that we can never pay. The harvest we are reaping today is the result of a faithful and wise sowing. The object of this society is to commemorate memories which are worthy of being sung to the generations through all the ages to come.

But this brings me to the practical part of my remarks. What are we doing to preserve the records of lives and heroic deeds? How many preachers during the past year have dug up something of the dead past and have presented it for our instruction and inspiration? It may have been some valuable manuscript, some rare book or pamphlet, anything that will tell us what the pioneers did, or how they wrought in order to bring about such glorious results. If I understand the object of this society, it is not merely to pay our dues, and attend its annual meeting; but it is also to cultivate the historical instinct, if I may use that term, and to gather up the sources of our history wherever we go. Our appreciation for historical facts should be cultivated. This

is an age of commercialism. Our thought is so wrapt up in business, in the affairs of the present, that the danger is that we may not only neglect to think of the past, but to give the proper thought to the great future. We are to be congratulated that the South has taken on new life in the industrial and commercial world; but if these things are to get between us and the real world and real things, it would have been better for us to have remained the conservative Old South of other years. It is our business to gather up the life forces from the history of the past, from the lives of our great men, and mould them into a greater life, to be used for greater achievements in the present, and for a brighter glory in the great future.

But in order to get anything out of the past, we must read its history; but how can we read a history that has never been written? And here is the work of this society. It is to gather up the scattered materials and write the history of Methodism, so that the generations to come may read our history, and get out of it the life forces that we have spent, so that their lives may be blessed and enriched thereby.

Will you allow me to be a little more practical, and to talk very plainly and seriously to you tonight? Looking at it from my standpoint, it is the duty of every member of this society to bring up to each annual meeting some items of history. You may have to beg your way into some old garret to get them, *but get them*. They are being destroyed every day. And we can never have a complete history as a church without the data.

The finest collection of Methodist history I ever saw was collected by the Historical Society of the Baltimore Conference, but they had been collecting for over half a century. There has been a Historical Society in the South Carolina Conference for over fifty years, and they have a fine collection. And every Conference ought to have a historical society and a fire-proof vault for its archives. I congratulate you upon having a society in this Conference. It is needed. Did

you know that every denomination in North Carolina was far ahead of Methodism in preserving and writing its history? Methodism is not usually behind, and it is with some shame that we make this confession. Not only that, but every Conference in Southern Methodism has done more in preserving and writing its history than the two conferences in North Carolina, if you take into consideration the time of entering the territory.

I want to call your attention to another matter of vast importance. At the Quarterly Conference the Church Register and Records of Church Conferences are called for, examined and criticized. At the Annual Conference the District Conference Records are examined and criticized, but after so much care has been exercised in seeing that they are properly recorded, after the books are filled, do you ever hear of them again? As a church, we have been taking no further notice of them. Where are the old Records of seventy-five or a hundred years ago? How many can you find over fifty years old? How many can you find fifty years from now, of those you are now filling? If we do not change our method of preserving them, the number will be few. What has become of our Records in the past? Where are they? The faithful Recording Steward keeps them and prizes them highly until his death, and then frequently they fall into godless hands, and are destroyed.

Now, it is the business of this society to gather up these Records and send them to your archive. There are some old Records scattered over this Conference now, that are prized very highly by those who hold them; so much so that if a historian desires to consult them he must pay his way for a hundred or two hundred miles before he can examine them. These Records belong to this society, and should be here, where they are accessible to any historian. I repeat it, it is your business to get them. And if this society should do nothing more than to gather up the Quarterly Conference



Records and preserve them to the church, it will have accomplished a great work.

But while collecting these there is much more that you can obtain. There are papers, manuscripts, books, pamphlets, and many other things that would throw light on the history of our church that should be preserved. Do not think that because a thing is not a hundred years old it is of no value. Any fact concerning a Methodist church, a preacher or layman, is important and will be of value to a historian.

You may ask, How can we get our people interested in this work? That is a very practical question, and in trying to answer it I will make one or two suggestions, for we all know that we need a historical revival, and especially in our church. On circuits I would suggest that you hold a service—you can call it Memorial Day, or Historical Celebration, or anything you wish,—in which a sketch of each church should be read and memoirs of all the deceased members who were active workers in the church; then let the pastor, or some suitable person, deliver an address on some phase of Methodism, and you will find that your people will go home loving their church more, and with a stronger resolution to follow their ancestors toward the home of the blest as they followed Christ. Then collect these papers, and send them or bring them to this society, and in that way you will gather much valuable material, and besides have a very interesting and profitable service for your people.

Another suggestion: In the towns and cities and other places where you have an Epworth League, have it take up the study of Methodist history in North Carolina. Let the entire League read up on a certain period or subject, while one of the members prepares a paper on the same subject to be read at the next meeting. In this way, you will find that your Leagues will soon become greatly interested, not only in their meetings, but in other departments of church work. I know of nothing that will do our young people so much good as that of coming in contact with the spirit and heroism

and self-sacrifice of the early pioneers of Methodism in North Carolina.

Not only will it do our young people good to go back into the past and study the men, and means, and economy of early Methodism, but it will be an inspiration to all of our people. I know that there is an idea among some people that the pioneers of Methodism were ignorant and with no education. But if you will study their lives and their work, you will find that that is not the case. No ignorant class of men could have created such a stir, and called forth such a storm of persecution as they did. Their opponents not only talked and preached against Methodism, trying to bring it into disrepute, but the strongest men in some denominations took up their pens and wielded them against this new sect that was turning the world upside down.

It is very difficult to make a complete bibliography on any subject. But I have one, published in 1868, that contains titles of 361 anti-Methodistical works. Do you think they would have written all these volumes to counteract a movement of a set of ignorant men? Whether ignorant or not, they had a power that swayed the multitude, and that resulted in experiences that were new and strange to the people of North Carolina. For the genuine Methodist preacher has had a power in this State ever since Joseph Pilmoor first penetrated the wilds of eastern Carolina. Many of them have labored here and gone; in fact, most of them have passed over the River; but may the men who fill their places today in the old North Carolina Conference have this power that was peculiar to the early Methodist preacher greatly multiplied in their ministry during the year 1909!

## PETER DOUB, ITINERANT OF HEROIC DAYS

BY REV. M. T. PLYLER\*

For many years prior to and during the great Civil War, Reverend Peter Doub was a familiar figure to a great company in North Carolina. In stature more than six feet, of portly build, with massive chest and broad shoulders upon which rested a head of unusual proportions, he moved in a commanding way among his followers. The deep-set, greyish-blue eyes, lofty forehead, heavy brow, prominent nose, high cheek-bones, firm-set lips, decided chin and heavy jaw, gave distinction to his strong, thoughtful face. The strength of the hills had gone into him, securing the sturdy character with determined purpose written in each ligament of his face and displayed in every movement of his body. Though not an Apollo in feature or in form, in no crowd did he pass unnoticed. Something of the Fatherland clung to him and the simplicity of pioneer days had not deserted this itinerant son of the soil. The German blood, the American environment and the Methodist itinerancy combined to make the Peter Doub of the 'fifties. A daughter-in-law,<sup>1</sup> close to him in his latter years, says: "His habits of life were methodical—even to the putting on of his wearing apparel—his collar must allow both hands to pass easily between it and his throat—his 'neck-cloth' was a bit of soft muslin made and laundered by the good wife—his stocking, knitted of home-spun flax by the same untiring help-meet must reach above the knee and the upper part turn down over the calves. A pair of his stockings are still in my possession, also one of his collars. He ate very lightly at all times, eliminating butter from his fare altogether. Once he said to me, 'I could eat everything on your supper table if I did not know that a big man should not indulge a big appetite.' "

Peter Doub belonged to the strong, solid, sturdy stock

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<sup>1</sup> Susan Duty Doub in letter to writer.

from the old lands that have furnished the blood and bone for the industrial, civil and religious upbuilding of this great, new country. Into our own State have come the hardy Scot, the resolute English, the patient, plodding German, and the thrifty Dutch. Among those none were superior to the substantial German folk that moved down from Pennsylvania and settled chiefly in the valley of the Yadkin. These, under stress of religious persecution, immigrated from Switzerland and the Palatinate to Pennsylvania, halting for a time in Lancaster and York along the Susquehanna. Such were John Doub, father, and Mary Eve Spainhour, mother, of Peter Doub. The father, born in Germany, March 27th, 1742, tarried for a few years in Lancaster with a step-brother before coming to Stokes (now Forsythe) County, North Carolina. The mother, born November 30th, 1755, across the Susquehanna in York, of Swiss parentage, migrated with her people to Stokes about 1763. So here in the back woods of North Carolina, the two young people met and married about 1780.

John Doub possessed all the distinctive features of a German, received the training belonging to the better class of mechanics of that day in his own land, had a practical knowledge of chemistry, and was well instructed in tanning and all the arts of skin-dressing. Fluent in the use of his native tongue, he gained a good knowledge of English after he was fifty years of age. His religious awakening began soon after coming to America, through the influence of Reverend Mr. Otterbein (presumably Reverend William Otterbein, founder of the United Brethren) but the epochal event in the household was in 1792. Then they began receiving circuit preachers in their home, joined the Methodist Society and their house became the Methodist Meeting-house for years. Six or seven years later, John Doub received license to preach and was ordained Local Deacon in 1802. Devotion to his Lord and a desire to do good, led him to secure a fine knowledge of the Bible and of Methodist Theology. In later years,

a profession of Sanctification manifested its reality by a life corresponding to such a profession. A citizen known for his piety, a father that ruled well his house, never omitting the morning and evening worship, a Methodist of the early type, a preacher clear and strong, he died October 18th, 1813, in the full triumphs of the faith.

His wife, Mary Elve Doub, a member of the Dutch Reformed Church from her fifteenth year, joined the Methodist Society with her husband and literally became a mother of the Methodists along the Yadkin. A woman of strong mind, deep piety, good knowledge of the Bible, cheerful disposition and great firmness of character, she watched and nourished her children, and ever stood ready to do good to others about her. She was much sought after by the sorrowing, and in his mature years her son Peter could write: "In all her domestic relations she had few equals and it is believed she had no superior."<sup>2</sup>

To more fully appreciate the times out of which young Peter Doub came, we will do well to remember the prevailing conditions in that section of the State at the close of the eighteenth century. There was not a railroad in all the world and not a respectable highway in North Carolina. The only outlet was by wagon to Charleston, or to some other town of the seaboard. Instead of the cotton factory, the machine shop, and the flour mill of today were the wheel and loom in the home, the black smith shop by the road-side and the grist mill with its ponderous wheel down by the creek. These were the real centers of family and community life. Schools were few and provokingly inadequate. The University was taking shape, with here and there a private high school, but no general educational system was known. In 1790, Edenton, NewBern, Washington and Wilmington were the only postoffices in the State and in 1812 there was not a newspaper printed west of Raleigh. Books were few and letter postage almost prohibitive. To pay twenty-five cents for a letter

<sup>2</sup> In her obituary, 1835.

liable never to go in any reasonable time did not minister to interchange of thoughts. Thus, isolated, without schools, papers or books, the masses did not touch the great wide world's life. John and Mary Eve Doub, with their nine children, passed their simple-mannered, God-fearing lives limited largely to the purely rustic rounds of Stoke's County yeomanry.

Peter Doub, the youngest of the nine children, was born March 12th, 1796. Early taught to respect the senior members of the family and to revere his parents above all others—their will being the supreme law in the household—he learned obedience to, and respect for, superiors. The family regulations were strict though not oppressive, demanding a prompt and uniform response to the established usage. Due deference was shown all, whether rich or poor, but the impure and wicked were not allowed to become associates of the children. Ministers of the Gospel, always received as servants of God, and good men generally had first place in John Doub's home. Young Peter early received instruction and inspiration from the Methodist itinerants, such as Phillip Bruce, John Buxton, Thomas Logan and James Boyd, who often found a welcome under that roof. The impressions, views of truth, and knowledge of the Scriptures gained in those days filled all his after life.

Peter Doub, within a period of eight years, spent about eighteen months in school, progressing sufficiently to "read, write and cipher" a little. A dictionary and an English grammar had small place in the "old field school" of that day. In his own words: "A good English education he never had the opportunity of securing until after he had entered the ministry, and then only as he could snatch up a little time between traveling, preaching, visiting the flock and reading his Bible."

Too much, however, must not be made of this lack of education, since influences momentous in determining destiny came to him in youth. In addition to the instruction and in-

spiration received from the Godly itinerants in his father's home, was the school in the family. To learn and recite to his father or to one of his older brothers "A Scripture Catechism" until he knew every word of it and then to repeat this to the preacher when he came round, proved valuable to the boy. Furthermore, he was required to give his views of the contents in his own language. Wonderful ideas of God, Christ, and the Holy Ghost came to him in these plastic days. John Doub, also, saw that his children read the New Testament consecutively and that during the reading they gave their views on various subjects.

Though religion and the Bible came first in that home, other elements contributed to mental and moral advance. The oldest brother, John, acquainted with general knowledge, had read a few books on Philosophy, sufficient to set up the interrogation point, which resulted in converting the family group into a kind of debating club. The conversation in the home and the necessity of being man of all work on the farm and around his father's tan-yard gave a training too often lost sight of in the general estimate of life's formative forces. One in touch with mother-earth, responding to the call of the field, holding fellowship with plain men and women away from the artificiality of the world, has no mean start in life. Peter Doub's never having seen an English grammar until a member of the Conference, proves to many the possibility of much coming from nothing. How false such a notion! The vigorous body, insatiable desire to know, instruction given at home, tutorage received in the school of life, reinforced by the strength and vigor of a good heritage, gave the young preacher a superior advantage in his long, honorable career. In him were the elements out of which greatness is born and the fibre fit for making a hero in an iron age.

Like Paul, Peter Doub's conversion confronted him at every turn and held priority over all the events of his life. Being the inspiration of his after years, he thought of it much and worked out the related incidents leading up to the

final surrender. In his seventh year, 1802, at the first regularly arranged camp-meeting ever held in North Carolina—this on his father's farm—he was powerfully impressed but nothing came of it more than the feeling that one day he would be a preacher, for the spirit of those times did not encourage one so young. All did not go, however, with the passing of youth. For years, preaching, conversation with preachers, reading the scriptures and a volume of sermons, presented by Reverend Joseph Brown, which brought “awful and alarming convictions,” left him deeply wounded in heart. But the immediate cause of his conversion was a sermon preached October 5th, 1817, at a camp-meeting in Rowan (now Davie) County, by Reverend Edward Cannon from Revelation 11:9. His portrayal of the great multitude which no man could number produced such indescribable longings within a burdened soul that, with tears flowing freely, at the suggestion of Moses Brock, young Peter fell at the altar and struggled till night with no relief. But he did not give up the struggle. Following the sermon Monday morning, about ten o'clock, feeling that he was literally sinking alive into hell the thought came, “Well, if I sink to rise no more I will try to look up once more as it cannot make my condition worse.” He did so. Then and there, amid the groans of the penitents and the shouts of the redeemed, he arose and proclaimed his full deliverance. For the space of two hours or more, he alternately shouted, exhorted the congregation, and encouraged the penitents. That glorious hour and memorable scene lived with him evermore.

Ten days later, he joined the church at Doub's, a regular preaching-place on the Yadkin Circuit since 1792. Soon the long-gone impression of boyhood days came with new vigor, causing anxious moments by day and restless hours by night until the urgent conviction that he must preach the gospel held him fast. The lack of education, insufficient knowledge of the Scripture, lofty views of the ministry and the fear of being mistaken as to the Divine call constrained



him to continue the farming in which he and his brother were jointly engaged. But other council prevailed. After consulting his Presiding Elder, Reverend Edward Cannon, he was licensed to preach and was recommended for admission into the Annual Conference. That same evening hour in the Doub home, the Presiding Elder announced to the astonishment of the family that he was going to take Peter with him. "Brother Cannon," said the mother, "he is too ignorant—he don't know anything about preaching. He is my youngest child and I did hope he might be with me in my old age, but if you think the Lord has a work for him to do I can and will give him up." All eyes overflowed with tears. Peter was to be a preacher. Yes, the youngest boy was going out to be a Methodist itinerant! An hour of conflicting emotions in the home and an epochal event in the youngest boy's life met that night. Surely God was in this place and they knew it not.

Not yet a probationer in the church five months, Peter Doub was received on trial in the Virginia Conference at Norfolk, February 1818. With Christopher S. Mooring, he was appointed junior preacher on the Haw River Circuit, reaching his first appointment in April. His second year was on Culpeper Circuit, Virginia. Two years in the regular work, with the vows of a deacon upon him, being ordained by Bishop George in Richmond, February 1820, eliminated all former intentions to retire from the itinerancy and secured an entire surrender to the work of the ministry. At New Bern, March the 24th, 1822, Bishop George ordained him Elder. This, with his happy marriage, August 17th, 1821, to Miss Elizabeth Brantley of Chatham County, North Carolina, put him well into his notable career of fifty-one years. Of these, twenty-one were spent on circuits; twenty-one on districts; four on stations; one in regaining his health; one as temperance lecturer; three as Professor of Biblical Literature in Trinity College.

Many large and laborious fields engaged the strength and

tested the devotion of this mighty man. His first circuit had twenty-seven appointments to be met every four weeks; his second circuit, fourteen to be filled every three weeks. The four years on the Yadkin District, beginning with his ninth year in the ministry, were abundant in labors and among the happiest of his life. "This district embraced Granville, Orange, Person, Chatham, Alamance, Caswell, Rockingham, Guilford, Stokes, Forsythe, Surry, Yadkin, Wilkes, Alexander, Iredell, Rowan, Davie, Davidson, parts of Randolph, Montgomery and Warren in North Carolina; Halifax, Pittsylvania, Franklin, Henry, and Patrick in Virginia. In four years, he traversed this territory about twenty times; preached on an average of fifty times each round, besides delivering 'many exhortations and addresses;' held one hundred and forty-four Quarterly Conferences, fifty camp-meetings, and attended the General Conference in Pittsburg, Pa. One year, he held sixteen camp-meetings in as many weeks, and preached at each from four to seven times. While on his way to one of these his horse died but he made the balance of his way on foot in good time. During these four years, two thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight souls were converted at meetings which he held in person. More than seven thousand were converted in the district."<sup>3</sup>

A few incidents<sup>4</sup> illustrate the overwhelming power of this man at his best. At a camp-meeting in Henry County, Virginia, (1826) more than eighty souls were converted, among these five infidels during the eleven o'clock sermon on Sunday. In September of the same year, at a camp-meeting in Montgomery County, North Carolina, where he preached five or six times and exhorted from one to three times a day, one hundred and eighty were converted and the work spread to adjoining counties. During the year 1820, on Haw River Circuit, one thousand souls were converted, one

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<sup>3</sup> M. S. Wood in "Centennial of Methodism."

<sup>4</sup> Idem.

hundred and fifty were received into the Methodist Church, and Methodism was introduced into the town of Hillsboro. Following the longest sermon he ever preached—four hours and fifteen minutes—at Lowe's Church, Rockingham County, (1830) there were fifty-two conversions. At a camp-meeting in Guilford, following a sermon of four hours, eighty came to the altar at the first call. These incidents are enough to indicate the type of man he was. But a crowd and victory did not always follow his footsteps. Day after day, from place to place on his circuits did he go preaching with "very little liberty" to a few souls after which he would meet the class and press on to the next appointment. Sometimes he had "tolerable liberty" and "a feeling time" conscious of God's smiles; then again, depressed in spirit with "difficulties innumerable," he longed for the clouds to roll away. Still he did not surrender. Without reserve, the battle was pressed to the gates.<sup>5</sup> In a letter to Reverend William Compton, Stantonburg, North Carolina, October 31st, 1821, telling of the great victories won, are these words: "I have labored until I am almost broke down, though my weakness is chiefly occasioned by cold. On Friday afternoon, at the camp-meeting and the fore part of the night, I was almost at the gate of death but the Lord in mercy raised me again, but since that time my health has been bad. I have not seen a well hour since the 12th inst. and I am sometimes inclined to think unless I could stop and rest a week or two that I shall entirely break down. I have a very severe cough . . . . . which has reduced me very much, perhaps twenty pounds weight since I was first taken but bless the Lord I still feel the traveling spirit and feel determined to go on long as I can get along." Save the year 1847 in which he was forced to desist because of broken health, a half century of unremitting toil marked his career. During the year given to temperance work he preached fifty-one times on Sabbath, canvassed most of the State, and lectured two or three times a

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<sup>5</sup> *Brief Account*, manuscript.

week; this, too, at a time (1853) when a temperance lecturer did not ride a popular wave. Intervals between Quarterly Conferences were spent in preaching, administering the ordinances and giving expositions of church government. In the three years spent on the Danville District, he visited and preached at nearly every church within its bounds. Often elaborate doctrinal discussions became necessary in these militant days of a pioneer church. While on the Pittsylvania Circuit he preached on controversial subjects at all the appointments, winning men to Christ by these sermons. So much of the experimental entered into these discussions that the Christ was ever to the front. Thus, preaching the word with apostolic zeal, through weariness and in the face of stout opposition, this brave soul carried the gospel to a heroic people of pioneer days.

Peter Doub grew in wisdom and increased in usefulness with every passing decade. The humiliating failure made in an exhortation soon after being licensed to preach taught him the need of the best preparation possible, supported by a determined purpose with full reliance on God. In the first year of his ministry some objected to his preaching because his sermons were too short. On being informed of this by Reverend Christopher Mooring, young Doub affirmed that he said all he knew and did not like to repeat; to which his senior replied: "Brother Doub, read more, study more, pray more, and you will be able to preach more." Aroused by these words, he became a life-long student. "This advice," says he, "laid the foundation of that eager fondness for books and reading that characterized him for more than fifty years." The next year Clark's Commentaries gave a new impulse to Bible study, becoming the basis of his extensive knowledge of the Scriptures. Relieved of district work at his own request in 1830, the eight subsequent years on circuits were filled with a study of the Bible, with general reading, attention to ecclesiastical history, and preaching on

doctrinal subjects, laying special stress on holiness of heart and life.

The bent of mind disclosed in the young preacher's first sermon, on "The Unity of God," continued through the years, resulting in the old preacher full of wisdom, possessed of a marvelously clear and accurate knowledge of the Bible. Reverend F. D. Swindell, a student of his at Trinity, was most impressed with his clear thinking and his extensive knowledge of the Bible.<sup>6</sup> Reverend W. H. Moore, acquainted with him in the 'sixties, says he was esteemed the best theologian in the North Carolina Conference.<sup>7</sup> Reverend J. W. Wheeler, once in Dr. Doub's district, writes: "He was an able expounder of the word and a fearless and mighty defender of the doctrines and policy of the church of his choice."<sup>8</sup> Peter Doub was mighty in the Scriptures.

Bible themes and theological discussions held a steadily increasing fascination for this seeker after God. Ethical in temperament and bound by intellectual process, he did not go far afield in other spheres of life and thought. The poetical the aesthetic made slight appeal to him. In the multitude of his days, surrounded by earth and sky of ever changing mood, in sunshine and storm, never a reference is made to the gorgeous pageantry of nature or to earth in her calmer aspects. The timid thrush in deep wood, the blue-bird, harbinger of spring, the early flowers, the smell after the summer rain, the scarlet and gold of autumn brought no new, strange sensations to his soul. Verdant fields in the softness of summer evenings and starlit skies free from the fever of earth's grime passed unnoticed by one so given to the practical, the doctrinal, the ethical. The fine feelings and delicate emotions of poet and artist did not belong to a mind so fond of abstractions and so lost in the syllogism. Granted his major and minor premises the inevitable conclusions came with the mandatory exactness of mathematical demonstration. In

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<sup>6</sup> Letter to writer.

<sup>7</sup> Idem.

<sup>8</sup> Idem.

this way he built up those elaborate doctrinal discussions, Scripture quotations constituting his major premise. Lost in the process, he followed these out into all the minutiae of their bearings. "We knew," says his daughter-in-law, "he was not to be interrupted in his studies for any ordinary occurrence—the extraordinary one of a visit from his only daughter caused him to say, 'I wish her arrival had been delayed an hour, I was in the midst of an argument'" Those wonderful sermons of such length were really treatises on systematic theology worked out in careful detail. Not being willing to omit minor points, the hours passed in their delivery until effectiveness would have been lost but for his own Pauline experience that gave them vitality and conquering power. No phase of a subject was allowed to pass unnoticed.<sup>9</sup> "Once after preaching two and one-half hours, he quietly informed his hearers that he would continue the subject at the evening service and on some future day, after sifting the subject more thoroughly, he hoped to preach a third sermon on the same topic."

Peter Doub's love of truth possessed his soul and became the ruling passion of his life. Nothing other than the love of truth and his well known demand that justice be done, coupled with an unyielding sense of fairness, led to the many controversies in which he engaged. At the close of a four month's controversy in the *Patriot* with the Presbyterians of Greensboro in 1831, he writes, "I am conscious that *truth* and nothing but the *truth* has been my object from the beginning."<sup>10</sup> In the convention of 1835, Judge Gaston,<sup>11</sup> in the supreme effort of his life, speaking of the amendment of Article 32 of the Constitution of North Carolina for removing the restriction upon Roman Catholics in the religious qualification for office, was reported to have made false statements concerning Protestants. To this Peter Doub intended to make reply as soon as a copy of the speech could be secured.

<sup>9</sup> Letter from Susan Duty Doub to writer.

<sup>10</sup> *Brief Account*, manuscript.

<sup>11</sup> Letter to Michael Doub, July 31, 1835.

In 1840 a Mormon Elder<sup>12</sup> began work in Greensboro. He boasted of a controversy at Wolf's School House with Michael Doub, whom he soon silenced. He also reported that said Michael Doub, once vanquished, threatened to send for his brother Peter who could manage him. This, with the error being propagated, was too much for our defender of truth and lover of fair play. He at once wrote Michael for all the facts, supported by competent and reliable testimony, connected with "Mr. Grant, the Mormonite," and made ready for the fight. When Bishop Ives of North Carolina (who finally went to Catholicism) published a small volume of sermons in which he took high grounds on Episcopal Baptismal Regeneration, Auricular Confession and kindred subjects, he reviewed (1845) these sermons in the *Richmond Christian Advocate*, and finally re-wrote the series to be put in pamphlet form. This, however, was never done, but a series of *Discourses on Christian Communion and Baptism* delivered in Raleigh in reply to a Baptist minister of the same city was published in 1854. Beginning May 30th, 1856, he published in the *North Carolina Christian Advocate* a series entitled: "Doctrine of the Final Unconditional Perseverance of the Saints Considered and Refuted."<sup>14</sup> These examples are sufficient to indicate the range of controversy engaging the attention of this doughty warrior and champion of truth.

Thorough investigation of the subject in hand, careful handling of facts, elaborate discussion of detail, and accurate use of terms made this lover of truth, righteousness, and justice a formidable antagonist. He feared nothing. "Attacked by a most ferocious dog, he looked at him straight and asked, 'Are you not ashamed to want to bite a poor Methodist preacher?' The brute dropped his bristles, licked the preacher's hands and walked by his side till he reached the farmhouse door, much to the consternation of the family within."<sup>15</sup>

<sup>12</sup> Letter to Michael Doub, Feb. 21, 1840.

<sup>13</sup> Letter to Michael Doub, Oct. 5, 1849.

<sup>14</sup> *Advocate* files.

<sup>15</sup> Letter from Susan Duty Doub to writer.

A like calm, brave spirit contained him in every arena.

Peter Doub could have led to victory the Roundheads under Oliver Cromwell or have gone to death with William of Orange in the Low Country. A lover of peace, but not of peace at any price, was he. Of one who had seriously wronged him, he wrote, "I was willing even (for peace's sake) rather to suffer wrong than to stir up strife in the neighborhood," and then finally concludes: "I consider that he injured me much, yet, if he will acknowledge his error, and inform me, I now feel it in my heart to freely, truly and fully forgive all the wrong that has been done me by him."<sup>16</sup> To doubt the veracity (which the offender did) of this man of God so crossed his love of truth and sense of righteousness that he demanded justice in truth "without varying a hair's breadth." He lived in the open and demanded of his fellows that they walk in the light of day.

Something of the Puritan spirit belonged to the family and the instinct of the clan was not wholly wanting. In a contemplated business venture, Peter wrote his brother Michael, "I have no particular objection to forming a company of twelve or thirteen; provided, that they are all DOUBS, or, at least, under our family's control. We should be very cautious, so we may not suffer anyone to become connected with the company that is *intemperate*, or of a *vacilating* spirit, or easily disappointed."<sup>17</sup> A fine devotion to his tribe and the desire to prove a blessing to those of his father's household resulted in Peter Doub leading several of the family to Christ and two of his brothers into the local ministry. While busy on his itinerant rounds, letters went pleading the cause of religion and urging the Christian life upon his brothers at the old home.<sup>18</sup> Michael, a substantial citizen and trusted with settling estates and matters of moment in the community life, became for more than fifty years a most useful local preacher. To quote from his memoir: "His services

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<sup>16</sup> Letter to Michael Doub March 3, 1840.

<sup>17</sup> Letter to Michael Doub, Dec. 4, 1839.

<sup>18</sup> Letters in 1821.



were much in demand and he went far and near to regular appointments, camp-meetings and funeral occasions. He preached two thousand four hundred and fifty sermons, six hundred and seventy-five of which were funeral services. He baptised seven hundred and thirty-three persons, adults and infants, and traveled in the prosecution of his ministerial work some thirty thousand miles. He was called to visit an almost unaccountable number of sick people and he went gladly by day and by night irrespective of color or creed, riches or poverty. . . . He labored much in the revivals by which Methodism was spread over this portion of the State."<sup>19</sup>

To the substantial folk of his own name and to the plain men and women of the country-side, Peter Doub, scion of a hardy race, ever remained true in sympathy and in fellowship, therein gaining qualification for a ministry to the masses of his day. Then the thousands of Carolina's children knew little of the gentle life and lived less in the face of the world, but rather grew up in rude simplicity and spent a free, simple, unconventional life. To these, such a plain old prophet of the Elijah type was indeed a man sent from God to bear witness to the Truth that many might be saved.

Ever true and trusted by his brethren, with a commanding place in his own Conference, honors not a few came to him. Seven times a member of the General Conference, one of the delegates to the Louisville Convention (1845), in which he suggested the name Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for the southern division of our Methodism, granted the degree of D. D. by Normal College in 1855, acknowledged the best theologian in his Conference, he remained the plain unassuming and unambitious Methodist preacher whose clear, strong voice proved most regnant in calling sinners to repentance around the camp-fires in the golden age of camp-meeting victories. For, beyond all peradventure, Reverend Peter Doub was primarily and preëminently a preacher of the Gospel

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<sup>19</sup> Manuscript.

for the great plain people in a day of religious controversy and social agitation. Revolutionary movements were on. In the decade of the thirties, the application of steam to ocean navigation, the introduction of railroads, and the invention of the electric telegraph were of world-wide import destined to work the greatest revolution of the century. The slavery agitation stirred the nation and the ominous shadows were gathering; but these failed to enlist the interest of a man so given to matters theological and religious. All his controversies gathered about doctrinal themes. Though interested for twenty-five years in a farm, at one time contemplating merchandising<sup>20</sup> and for a while making a venture in silk culture, these things did not divert him from the one work ever paramount. Put Peter Doub out in the forest on a summer night under an arbor, surrounded by camp-fires, with a host of eager men and women seated on rude benches listening to some great Gospel theme, a second Pentecost was imminent. As his soul flamed, it seemed that the divine spirits had come down to speak to men. Some said it thundered, others, that an angel had spoken to them.

The sturdy old hero ceased to labor August 24th, 1869. The giant form went down but the measure of his days cannot mark the limits of that life. It has gone out to the ends of the earth. A pamphlet of his on *Baptism and the Communion* made Enoch Marvin, the preacher and saint, a Methodist. He said in North Carolina in 1875, when he was Bishop, "I did not know who Peter Doub was. I had never heard of him before. But that pamphlet forever settled my doubts on that question."<sup>21</sup>

From the rugged untutored young circuit-rider, unable to write a correct sentence, came this father of Israel.<sup>22</sup> His form of expression and order of thought improved with the steady growth of half a century. Though he wrote a great deal, an elastic and easy style never came to him. Unwilling-

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<sup>20</sup>Letter

<sup>21</sup>Centennial of Methodism.

<sup>22</sup>Letters Sept. 12, 1839, and Jan. 11, 1841. Letter June 25, 1832.

ness to omit minor points and less essential matter often led to tediousness in the discussions drawn out to an undue length. His arguments must be elaborate and complete. Moved by a stern sense of duty and being exacting in the cause of righteousness, with a fondness for the arena when error vaunted itself, one might look for a hard man with little of the tenderer and gentler elements of life. But not so. Says one already quoted: "He was tender as a mother—even the family pets shared his kindness. The kitten would sleep in his lap and bunny squirrel seek a warm place in the flap of his coat. After some of his great sermons, he would come into the home and play with the children like a boy. 'Fine relaxation,' he would say, 'and they enjoy it so.'"<sup>23</sup> Such was the sturdy old itinerant of those heroic days.

Deeds of daring and acts of heroism are told in song and story. Granite, marble and bronze commemorate the achievements of earth's chieftains; but this noble old Methodist itinerant shares none of these. In South Greensboro, one September day, the clouds dropped rain as beneath the oaks, through weeds and undergrowth, I went among the tombs in search of his resting place. How neglected the spot where sleeps the dust of this noble man—once honored and revered! How well that no good deed ever utterly perishes from the earth! But let us not linger at that spot. Rather than bewail the neglect or bemoan the forgetfulness, we would recall his last message to the North Carolina Conference: "Tell my brethren of the Conference," said he to Doctor Fletcher Reid, the day before he died, "that if I am alive I am working my way to the skies, if I am dead, I am alive."<sup>24</sup>

*Authorities:* AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PETER DOUB (Manuscript Copy of the original):

A brief Account of my parentage, education, conversion, call to the ministry, etc (Manuscript).

<sup>23</sup>Susan Duty Doub.

<sup>24</sup>Obituary by Rev. W. Barringer.

Discourses on Christian Communion and Baptism, by Rev. Peter Doub (1854).

Rev. A. W. Mangum and M. L. Wood in Centennial of Methodism in North Carolina.

Grissom's History of Methodism in North Carolina.

Letters of Peter Doub (1818-1869); Letters of Michael Doub; Memoir of Michael Doub; Obituary of Mary Eve Doub, by Peter Doub (all in manuscript); Letters from Mrs. Susan Duty Doub, Revs. F. D. Swindell, W. H. Moore, J. W. Wheeler and Prof. W. F. Alderman to M. T. Plyler.

## METHODISM IN THE ALBEMARLE COUNTRY

By HON. L. L. SMITH, Gatesville, N. C.\*

The subject assigned me, "Methodism in the Albemarle Country," deserves more than a passing notice. The fact that this section was geographically in one state and Methodistically in another, from the origin of Methodism and especially from the organization of the Virginia Conference in 1802, until the comparatively recent transfer of this territory to the North Carolina Conference, may have caused many events and incidents of Methodist history to become lost to view, and to be now buried more than a century-deep in the debris of the passing years.

In fact, the Albemarle Country, considered in any aspect, is full of historic interest. It was not only here, on Roanoke Island, that the first settlement was made, and the first child was born of English-speaking parents on the American continent, but it was here also "in our county of Albemarle," in 1668, that, in the petition from the "Grand Assembly praying that the inhabitants of the said county may hold their lands upon the same terms and conditions that the inhabitants of Virginia hold theirs," was seen and felt one of the first impulses of that spirit of liberty and of patriotism that developed in the colonies and finally culminated in the American revolution.

The beautiful name, Albemarle, came to us across the waters from the Old World. *Albamarla* of the Middle Ages became the French *Aumale* and the English Albemarle. It was first a countship of France formed by William the Conqueror in the year 1070; and after the passing of centuries it was made a Duchy.

After the Restoration, Charles II. granted Carolina to some of his personal friends and courtiers, in payment of political debts, and the grant of Charles I. to Sir Robert Heath, by royal decree, became a nullity. Among the gran-

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\*Address before the North Carolina Conference Historical Society, 1910.

tees of Charles II.—the original Lords Proprietors—was General George Monk. He had entered London at the head of an army of 50,000 men clad in the uniform of Cromwell's Ironsides, and, without disclosing his purpose, has restored the monarchy and placed Charles on the throne, and he, in turn, was created the first Duke of Albemarle. That name, in his honor, was first given to our broad waters. Chowan River, by Indian nomenclature, extended perhaps to Roanoke Inlet; and that part of it, now known as the Sound, was called by the early settlers Carolina River, but the Lords Proprietors named it Albemarle River, and afterwards Albemarle Sound, as it is known to-day.

In the meantime the genial climate and the fertile soil had already begun to attract settlers from Virginia, and adventurers from other quarters, to the lands lying north of the Sound, and in 1656 the first permanent settlement was made; and in October, 1664, the Lords Proprietors formed Albemarle County and appointed William Drummond Governor. It was soon afterwards discovered that the settlements made and the county formed on the north of the Sound were not entirely embraced in their grant, and the Lords Proprietors hastened to the King for an extension of the grant for about thirty miles further northward, and on June 30, 1665, the King issued another grant or charter extending Carolina to 36 degrees and 30 minutes north latitude, and that has ever since been the proper dividing line between Carolina and Virginia, but it was for a long time a bone of contention, and it required several surveys to locate the line.

The county of Albemarle was first divided into four precincts—Chowan, Perquimans, Pasquotank, and Currituck, and afterwards Bertie and Tyrrell were added.

Those precincts lying north of the Sound and east of the Roanoke River covered the entire territory that was retained by the Virginia Conference, when the North Carolina Conference was organized in 1837; and this is the Albe-

marle country of which we are to treat in connection with Methodism.

But we must wait a century before we can people it with Methodists. It was just about 108 years after Albemarle County was formed before a Methodist itinerant preached his first sermon within its borders. In the meantime other denominations, notably the Church of England, the Established Church of the Colonies, and the Quakers and Presbyterians, came with the early settlers, and missionaries were sent over who made spasmodic efforts to evangelize the people; but much of their energies was wasted in fighting each other and in trying to control the government in the name of religion, really in the interests of their own church or sect, and that is one reason why more progress was not made.

Unfortunately, many of the missionaries sent over by the Church of England, with some very notable exceptions, were men of dissolute life and character—mere hirelings that cared nothing for the sheep. Let them be judged by their own people.

In a letter written by William Gale, of Perquimans, in 1699 or 1700 and quoted in Ashe's recent History of North Carolina (Vol. I., p. 52) occurs this passage: "The decay of Christian piety is in such large characters that he who runs may read. The 2nd of January last, it pleased God to make me happy in a son who bears the name of his grandfather, but has still the unhappiness to be unchristened to my great grief, the only minister we have had of the Church of England having left us before my son was born, but it was no loss to religion, for he was ye monster of ye age."

Dr. Hawkes asserts that the records of the courts show that Rev. John Urmstone, a missionary of the Church of England, was convicted and punished for drunkenness and profanity.

About the time of the sale of Carolina by the Lords Proprietors to the King, in 1720, Sir Richard Everard wrote to the

Bishop of London that there was not then a single clergyman of the Church of England in the province "while the Quakers and the Baptists were very busy making proselytes and holding meetings daily in all parts of the government." As early as 1672 George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, visited the colony. He came out by way of Williamsburg and Sommertown (the modern Somerton just across the State line over in Nansemond), and proceeding as far as Bennett's Creek, where Gatesville now stands, left his horses there, took a canoe and went out to the Chowan River, thence down the Sound and up the Perquimans River, and found his way to the house of Henry Phillips, about where Hertford now stands. Phillips and his wife were then the only Quakers in the colony, and that was the beginning of the Quakers in the Albemarle country.

The first Baptist church in this territory was organized in 1727, then in Pasquotank precinct, but now at Shiloh, in Camden County; and some few years later one was organized in Bertie, which then included the territory now in Northampton and Hertford Counties. The Baptists made some progress in those localities, and were the champions of the principle of absolute separation of Church and State. That was before the days of the Missionary Baptist Church, and there was no special effort made to evangelize the colony outside of the localities where they had organized.

From this time on to the period just preceding the Revolution, there was not much change in the religious conditions of Albemarle. In fact, it was the period of religious apathy in Europe; and in England it was the darkest part of the night, which immediately preceded the dawn of the Wesleyan reformation; and until that light was reflected upon these shores, it is reasonable to suppose that religious conditions here were worse than there before that reformation. At intervals ministers of the Church of England were sent over to take the places of those who had gone, and in their absence, teachers and lay readers sometimes conducted services in the



old chapels, which had been erected in the several parishes. But most of these old chapels had been abandoned long before the pioneers of Methodism had ever entered the territory.

I mention these facts as important to show the religious condition of the people, and especially to emphasize the fact that other denominations were on the ground—some over fifty and some over one hundred years before “Joseph Pilmoor preached the first Methodist sermon in the colony, at Currituck Court-House, on the 28th of September, 1772.”\* From that time there was an occasional visit from a Methodist itinerant, but there was not much religious awakening until near the close of the century.

The peculiarity of the Methodist preachers in that day was that they did not wait for the people to come to an appointed place of worship, but they carried the gospel to the people wherever they might be found. The weary Methodist itinerant sometimes found rest in the Christian hospitality and fellowship of some good Baptist brother or Quaker friend. But the masses of the people were wicked and indifferent, and in high life there was but little religion.

The files of the old State Gazette from January 10, 1794, to October, 1797,—a weekly newspaper published at Edenton (the State organ at that time)—contain only two items referring or appertaining in any way whatever to religion or to any church or religious denomination. The first of these is the presentment of the Quakers by grand juries of the several counties for agitating emancipation among the slaves, for harboring runaways, etc., tending to incite to arson and insurrection. The other item referred to is a notice “To the Clergy and Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of North Carolina,” then in its formative period, and was a call for a convention to elect a bishop. It begins: “Whereas, the declining interests of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this State appears to demand the most

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\* Grissom's History of Methodism in N. C., page 34.

strenuous exertions of those who profess the same faith," etc., and ends as follows: "As the deplorable state of religion, in our country seems to call for the most active exertions of every member of the church. Signed by order and in behalf of the convention—James L. Wilson, President."

Asbury's Journal confirms this report as to "the deplorable state of religion" at that time; but it will be noticed that the activity of the Methodist preachers had even then begun to arouse the sleeping energies of the other churches. On December 24, 1784, Asbury, after leaving Camden, perhaps, writes in his journal: "Set out in the rain to Hartford town. I spoke in a tavern; the people seemed wild and wicked altogether. I journeyed on through the damp weather, and reached Pettigrew's about 6 o'clock. . . . I preached in Edenton, to a gay, inattentive people. I was much pleased with Mr. Pettigrew. I heard him preach, and received the Lord's Supper at his hands."

This Mr. Pettigrew was Rev. Charles Pettigrew, elected Bishop at the convention called as above stated, but on account of ill health was never consecrated. The old tavern in Hertford is still standing and "doing business at the same old stand," in the same old way, and the room at the south end thereof was the very one in which Asbury preached on that occasion.

The first Methodist Annual Conference in America of which there is any record was held in Philadelphia in June, 1773, but it was not until some years later that North Carolina appears in the minutes. In 1775 Norfolk, Virginia, was the nearest named place to the Albemarle section, and that circuit—(all were circuits then)—most probably embraced all this section, and extended even beyond the Roanoke in North Carolina. For as the old North Carolina Circuit appears and develops into Roanoke, Tar River, and New Hope, Norfolk disappears from the minutes, and is not then mentioned again for several years. But Portsmouth Circuit, which appears in the minutes for the first time in

1784, included all Norfolk territory that had not been given to new circuits.

The first place reported in the Albemarle territory is Edenton in 1781, with sixty members. In 1783 Bertie and "Pasquetank" are reported in the minutes, and in 1784 Camden takes the place of "Pasquetank," and from that time until 1809—a period of twenty-five years—Bertie and Camden were the only charges in this entire Albemarle country.

Sometimes it was Camden and Edenton and sometimes Camden and the Banks. In 1809 Edenton again appears, and at the close of the year 1810, just one hundred years ago, Bertie, Camden and Edenton were the only charges in this entire Albemarle country from the Banks to the Roanoke River, with five preachers and one thousand, two hundred and nine (1,209) white members, and six hundred and fifty (650) colored. By way of comparison, the same territory, according to the minutes of our Annual Conference for 1909, reported twenty-one active preachers and seven local, and an aggregate of nine thousand, one hundred (9,100) white members. In 1822 Gates and Murfreesboro were formed, and for some time Gates and Edenton, and then Gates and Bertie, and Gates and Murfreesboro, at intervals, were connected together, usually with two preachers in charge. Elizabeth City is reported in the minutes for the first time in 1827 with Edenton as one charge, and in 1828 it was set off as a separate charge.

Let us now consider some matters of historic interest connected with these old circuits.

Within the bounds of the old colonial precinct of Bertie there was erected an Episcopal chapel known as Bridge Creek Chapel. There is no known record as to when it ceased to be used as an Episcopal church. But at any rate, it became a preaching place for the early Methodists, and it is to be presumed that Asbury preached there on his several journeys through Bertie. He states in his journal that he preached there on the 26th of April, 1785.

That is supposed to be the place of the beginning of Methodism in Bertie. The circuit had been named for two years only, but it may have been included in the Carolina Circuit, and afterwards in Roanoke Circuit. Near the ruins of that old chapel White Oak Church now stands, the oldest Methodist church perhaps in Bertie County. It was perhaps from the influence going out from this church that the other Methodist churches in Bertie were founded.

It would be an interesting study to ascertain where the Methodists worshipped in some localities before the building of their churches. The old pioneers preached in barns, out-houses, on the roadside, anywhere they could find hearers, and the need of church buildings was not at first fully realized. There is quite an interval between the formation of some of the circuits and the building of their churches.

Another place of historic interest is old Knotty Pine Chapel. That was connected with the Edenton Parish, as I am reliably informed, from 1701 until about 1740, and from that time all trace of its record is lost.\* It was situated six miles north of Gatesville, on the Somerton road (Sommertown of the colonial period—just across the State line, over in Nansemond) and very near its exact site now stands a large colonial mansion erected in 1775, which was the home of Col. William Baker, and afterwards of Colonel Harvey, who married his daughter.

There is a tradition that Asbury preached at Knotty Pine Chapel. He states in his journal that prior to January 1, 1783, he passed through Gates, Hertford, Bertie, and Northampton, and coming from Williamsburg, Virginia, as he did, and going through Gates to Hertford County, he must at that day necessarily have passed Knotty Pine, and he, doubtless, then preached in the old chapel; and either he, at that time, or some other Methodist preacher before then, organized a Methodist Society at that place. Eighteen years afterwards, to-wit, on the first day of April, 1801, he writes in his journal: "We came on to Knotty Pine to the house of

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\* Records of Edenton Parish.

mourning for a favorite son. Marmaduke Baker was this day to have gone to Princeton College to finish his education. We hope he has gone to the college of saints and the society of heaven."

We have other evidences tending to prove that he had frequently enjoyed the hospitality of that Christian home. A letter to him from Mrs. Baker dated "North Carolina, Gates County, Knotty Pine Chapel, March 17, 1799," begins as follows: "When you were with me last you desired I would give you an account of the dear saints who are fallen asleep in Jesus in this place. I will give you a list of their names with a sketch of some of their characters." She then named twenty (20), giving a short sketch of each, and how they died, and closed as follows: "I hope the Lord will renew your health and strength, that you may live long to water His vineyard. Pray for me that I may be more holy and more heavenly minded. Give my love to Brother Lee. Mr. Baker and the children join me in sincere love to you.—Your affectionate sister, I. Baker."

Among those named as having died was Moses Kittrell, a man of affairs and a prominent citizen of the county. His son, George Kittrell, became a local Methodist preacher and the founder of Kittrell's church, now on North Gates Circuit, only a short distance from the site of old Knotty Pine Chapel, one of the oldest, and in its palmy days, one of the most prosperous of all the churches in Gates. Savage's Church, also now on North Gates Circuit, was the offspring of the Society at Knotty Pine Chapel, and was organized a few years before Kittrell's church was. The present church building at Kittrell's is the third one erected on that site. The descendants of many of those "dear saints who had fallen asleep" are now members of Kittrell's and other Methodist churches.

In Asbury's day Knotty Pine Chapel, with all of Gates north of Bennett's Creek, appears to have been within the bounds of Bertie Circuit.

But the place of greatest historical interest to Methodism in the Albemarle country, perhaps, is the old Camden Circuit, which probably at one time extended from the Banks to the Chowan River, and from the Sound to Bennett's Creek, in Gates County. The point of beginning, however, gave it a local habitation and a name. It came with the Christmas Conference in 1784, with the founding of the Methodist Church in America, and other circuits may have come and gone, but that goes on forever.

It was probably in Camden County, which lies on the Pasquotank River, where the society was organized that formed the basis of the "Pasquetank" Circuit of 1783, with James Martin and Henry Metcalf as preachers in charge; and the next year Camden Circuit, covering the same territory, was substituted for it; and from Richard Ivey and William Dameron, the first ministers assigned to Camden, to the present time, one hundred and fifteen (115) regularly appointed and ordained ministers have supplied that charge, every one of whom labored faithfully and "kept that which was committed to their trust."

On November 14, 1792, a lease for ninety-nine (99) years was executed and recorded in Camden County—for the consideration of one grain of Indian corn to be paid annually,—conveying a tract or lot of land to the trustees of the Methodist Society and to the trustees of the Episcopal Church for the purpose of erecting a church thereon to be used jointly. There now stands upon that site the third building erected thereon, known as McBride's Church, on Camden Circuit. What a history that old church has! How many have been converted at her altars! How many other churches have been established through the instrumentality of her membership! In 1892, during the pastorate and by the efforts of the greatly lamented Charles R. Taylor, always alert to the best interests of his beloved Methodism, the Centennial of that old church was celebrated. About a mile distant a large tabernacle was erected, and to thousands

of hearers able discourses suitable to the occasion were delivered by Dr. Peterson and Rev. George Vanderslice, then distinguished members of the Virginia Conference. The next year, Rev. Charles D. Crawley, preacher-in-charge, united three churches at that tabernacle in a great revival service, which continued two weeks and resulted in large accessions to all the churches.

But we have some contemporaneous history of the early days of Bertie and Camden Circuits. In a letter from Jonathan Jackson to Bishop Asbury, dated August 20, 1800, Bertie is particularly mentioned. But who was Jonathan Jackson? *A hero of the cross!* He bore the same name, with the exception of the prefix "Thomas" that was afterwards given to a child of destiny, who became the immortal Stonewall Jackson, and he must have been of the same heroic mould. He was Presiding Elder of a district extending from Cumberland County, Virginia, on the north, to the Albemarle Sound on the south, and from the Atlantic Ocean, on the east, to the Roanoke River on the west, and embracing the following charges: Cumberland, Amelia, Brunswick, Sussex, Mecklenburg, Greenville, Portsmouth and Norfolk, in Virginia, and Bertie and Camden, in North Carolina.

When we remember that Cumberland is away up in Virginia, on the eastern border of historic Appomattox, and that his district covered all the territory from thence, including Petersburg and Virginia Beach, thence to the western border of Mecklenburg County, in Virginia, and that Camden and Bertie Circuits embraced this entire Albemarle country; and when we, at the same time, consider the hardships and difficulties and dangers of travel in that day, we are filled with wonder and admiration at the cheerful, sanguine, triumphant tone of his letter. Hear him: "I have been round the district, and glory be to God, I have seen very good and gracious times in all the circuits. There are prospects of a good revival; but in many parts of Bertie and Cumberland, they have great and powerful times, and many have been

awakened, converted and added to the church; I expect not less than two hundred. The preachers were all able to labor and are much engaged in the Lord's work. The local preachers in general seem to be very zealous and useful. We have great peace and union in the district. I have not heard a murmur from any one of our brethren.—Jonathan Jackson.”\*

On the 16th of September, 1802, Jesse Lee, Presiding Elder of the same district, writes, among other things, as follows: “The work is considerable great in Bertie Circuit. There is a small revival in Portsmouth Circuit—Camden Circuit has gained a little.”

Daniel Hall, Presiding Elder of Norfolk District, Virginia Conference, which covered about the same territory, on October 12, 1804, wrote to Bishop Asbury, and after describing a camp-meeting near Suffolk, on Portsmouth Circuit, where there were 6,000 hearers and 400 conversions, he added: “There was a pleasing prospect in Camden Circuit. The work is going on gloriously in some parts of Bertie Circuit.”

What heroes these old preachers were! They went everywhere and carried the burden of human souls upon their hearts, and in thunder tones they startled the world with the proclamation of the verity and reality of the Gospel, and the certainty of death and the judgment; and, above all, in the name of their Lord, they offered an *unlimited* atonement without respect to persons.

From this time on—about the beginning of the nineteenth century—there was a healthy and steady growth, manifested by an increase in the number of charges and membership; and in 1837, when the North Carolina Conference was organized, as we well know, all this Albemarle section north of the Sound and east of the Roanoke River, was retained by the Virginia Conference.

But this territory was not neglected. The Virginia Con-

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\* “Extracts of Letters containing some account of the work of God since the year 1800. Published for the Methodist connection in the United States, 1805.” p. 4.



ference always sent to it some of her ablest and best men, and from that time to the beginning of the Civil War was one of the most prosperous periods of its history.

We love to cherish the memories of those godly men of the days a-gone, whom we heard our fathers and mothers and grand-parents speak of in terms of devotion and Christian reverence. They still live in their name-sakes and, in many instances, they have left their descendants among us to enrich our citizenship. We also recall with tender affection those who served us in our day and generation, in the period since the Civil War. Of all the men in our Southland, who bent their energies to the task of healing and repairing the desolations of war, none worked harder and accomplished more than the Methodist itinerant; and nowhere with better results than in the Albemarle country. New churches were erected, and old ones repaired, and there were great revivals all over the district.

In the early 'seventies old Gates Circuit, with her ten churches (eight in Gates and two over in Nansemond), under the pastorate of that man of God, Rev. Thomas L. Williams, of great learning and eminent piety, was the banner *circuit* of the Virginia Conference.

But Methodism in the Albemarle country would not be complete without the mention of the Wesleyan Female College, of Murfreesboro, which, after a useful and successful career, was finally destroyed by fire. Her presidents and teachers were among the best and ablest men and women in Southern Methodism, and her graduates may be found all over this part of our State and in southeast Virginia; and no more faithful and devoted church workers can be found anywhere. Much of the success of the Woman's Missionary Societies, in the Elizabeth City District, may be traced to the influences that went out from the graduates of that old institution.

Another monument to Methodism in the Albemarle section is the Rosebud Missionary Society of the Virginia Confer-

ence. That, was first organized by the children in Gatesville in 1878, and it was named for one of the children of Rev. Thomas H. Campbell, the pastor of Gates Circuit at that time. A few years ago when the new brick church was erected in Gatesville, that Society presented a handsome pulpit as a memorial of its foundation, with an inscription upon it showing the date and place of its organization, and stating that, since its formation, to that time, it had raised more than one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000) for missions; and it is still carrying on the good work.

This section has also always contributed her quota of men for service on the fields of the Virginia Conference, and some of the ablest men in Southern Methodism have gone out from her borders; and still among the ablest and best men of the Virginia Conference we find some who were born and reared among us.

But there came a time when, in the eternal fitness of things, the Methodists of this old Albemarle country ought to belong to the North Carolina Conference; and though it was hard and sad to break away from all the old endearing relations with the Virginia Conference, yet it was pleasant and hopeful and joyous to form the new associations with our own North Carolina Conference; and we opened our hearts and let you in.

Of course, Virginia did not wish to give us up, and did not, without a struggle; and as it required two grants from the crown to get Albemarle into Carolina, so in the same way it took two transfers of the General Conference to bring the Methodists of Albemarle into the North Carolina Conference. There was considerable agitation over the matter, and in 1890, a tub was thrown to the whale, and that part of the territory lying between the Roanoke and Chowan was then transferred. But we kept insisting that we wanted to go, too, and four years thereafter the General Conference at Memphis transferred the balance of the territory to the North Carolina Conference, with the exception of Knott's

Island, in Currituck, and New Hope Church, in Hertford County, which are still a part of Newsom's Circuit of the Virginia Conference.

This good old town of Elizabeth City has shown her hospitality by entertaining the North Carolina Conference three times since that transfer was made. That is typical of the Albemarle country.

I wish to say in conclusion, that the greatest monument to the faithful Methodist preachers who have labored among us from the days of Asbury and Jesse Lee to the present, is the fact that the great doctrines of the Universality of the Atonement and the Witness of the Spirit, which they always insisted upon, and which were once strenuously controverted, are now preached from every pulpit. Believe me! I state a fact, not in the spirit of controversy, God forbid, but as a matter of history, that I can recall the day when I never heard these great Scriptural doctrines preached except from a Methodist pulpit. But now in all this section "whosoever will" may come into the Kingdom and all may know it when they get there.

## A JOURNAL AND TRAVEL OF JAMES MEACHAM

Part I. May 19 to Aug. 31, 1789.\*

May 19. Tues. This morning my all lies in the hand of my Glorious Master. I think since God thrust me out in to his vineyard which was October 1787, I have travelled extensively—First, I travelled one Quarter in Sussex Circuit in Virginia—from thence to Oronoque Ct Northcarolina where I stayed about 5 months—here the Lord wonderfully carried on the work of regeneration. From thence to Bartie Ct (in the same State) here I was much afflicted but travelled about 6 months in these parts. Many Soules were brought to God. From thence I removed into Hanover Ct Virginia where God remarkably revived his work and from Conference April 20 I was sent into Grensville Circuit Virginia. Now I believe my poor Soul is taken another wing for Heaven. Lord give more grace.

Wed. 20. To-day I preached to a small concourse of People, my idiars is but shallow yet I trust there was a word dropt in Season, Lord let fruit thereof be found at the last day.

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\* Rev. James Meacham, the author of the following diary, was born in Sussex County, Virginia, April 7, 1763. He was the son of Joshua and Anne Lee Meacham, his mother being a relative of Richard Henry Lee. According to family tradition he served in the Revolutionary War, and the papers in evidence of this were destroyed by fire. In the fly-leaf of the diary he says he was "born of the spirit April 14, 1787, and began to travel on the itinerant plan with the Methodist Oct. 1, 1787." However, the Conference Minutes show that he was admitted on trial in 1788, and into full connection in 1790, being assigned in the latter year to Orange Circuit. In 1791 he was ordained Elder but served Williamsburg Circuit that year, Pamunkey Circuit in 1792, Mecklenburg Circuit in 1793, and Portsmouth Circuit in 1794. In 1795 he was appointed Presiding Elder to the Guilford District, and to the Tar River District in 1796. In 1797 he was located, having married Mary Seward, of White Plains, Brunswick Co. To them nine children were born. In 1820 James Meacham died in Mecklenburg County, Virginia.

The diary will prove of value to all who are interested in early Methodism in the United States. Of especial interest is its strong anti-slavery feeling. "O America, America, blood and oppression will be thy overthrow," exclaims the author, and the sentiment is reiterated several times. Quite in harmony with it is the fact that James Meacham was never happier than when preaching to the blacks.

The author of the diary was also a personal friend and admirer of Rev. James O'Kelly; indeed he seems to have travelled some circuits in O'Kelly's district before he was admitted on trial in 1788.

For securing the diary The Trinity College Historical Society is indebted to Rev. W. W. Rose of the North Carolina Conference. The part between September, 1789, and July, 1791, has been lost. In hope that it may be found, the division of the diary into two parts has been made, part II to be published in the next series of Historical Papers.—WM. K. BOYD.

Thur 21. This day I met a small congregation, but little or no liberty in speaking unto them—this remark is hard to account (for) for about three years ago this part of Melenburg County was the flower of Virginia for Religion but now coldness and Dullness seems to overshadow the people, if I may be allowed my sentiment is this—that hateful bloody name of oppression, I say the spirit of blood, kills the life of love and liberty.

Fri. 22. I preached with but little liberty. I met the class, here the Lord wonderfully met with us; after meeting this, I met the Childrens class, separately by themselves. O how tender their little hearts was, a time of spilling of tears—Lord give great success to this constitution.

Sat. 23. This morning I rode to my appointment, brother and Sister Taylor with me. Now the Lord began to break asunder the clouds of Unbelief. this was a time of grace.

Sun. 24. This Sabbath I met a larg concourse of people. the power of God was upon the people—weeping was on every Side. I hope the Lord will carry on the glorious worke of Methodism.

Mon. 25. Here I met a small concourse of dear people waiting to hear the word of the Lord. To whom I cried ye will not come to me that ye might have life! Weeping all around, by this time Hell had eall up her forces and made a bold attack upon Israel's camp and began to drag out the Slain in Zion by force, our united cries repetedly was extorted for her Soul (a young Woman) until Satan made a small retreat then we boldly marched forward, and took the slain (or wounded again). O the cries that she extorted was enough to reach the heart of the most obdurate. Lord give deliverance to the oppressed.

Tues. 26. Nothing great here, Lord revive thy work.

Wed. 27. This day I preached to a happy people.

Thur. 28. Here I met with some few good Christians I hope—before preaching began old bro. Melone came up

stares, to me and opened his heart freely. I believe it is an honest one. Slavery he abominates

Fri. 29. the strength of my body failes. I preached with much pain of body—I met the Society then the Children. O that God may give us success in this and every point of Christian devotion.

Sat. 30. this day I preached to a small attentive Congregation of People, in the Evening rode home with Old Bro. O. Myrick of Brunswick County—it is something amazing, I think, he is now with his wife a numerous Age, without any Child, an immense Fortune and yet is as Bloody oppressor perhaps as may be found, we have had a little Conjecture upon Slavery, but to no Satisfaction at all. O how much good might this man do for God,—but perhaps it may be said Tush God doth doth not regard.—Or foolishly immagins in his heart, God hath forgotten: he hidth his face; he will never see it. Psa. 10-11. But when the Lord maketh inquisition for blood, he remembered them. He forgetteth not the cry of the poor Humble (or) oppressed. Psa. 9-12.

Sun. 31. This day I found a large assembly of people awaiting for me to which I cryed What is man that thou art mindful of him or the Son of Man that thou so visitest him? uncommon attention overshadowed the people. Nothing great only some few outeryes for Mercy.

Mon. June 1. this Day I think we had a Smart war, our Enemies seemed to get ground; but when Israel prevailed, the little camp went forward. Several persecutors Slain, and boldly cryed Men and Brethren what Shall I do to be Saved. Some found refuge in the blood of Christ.

Tues. 2, here I meet with our Bro. Lewis Griggs, who was once an Itinerant preacher in the work of Methodism, but now Locative, he stood in my place and preached from I Ep 3-22 Beloved, Now are we the Sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be but we know that, when he shall appear, we Shall be like him, for we Shall see him

as he is. A time of Rejoicing among the Saints, Some few a crying for Mercy; in the Evening we had Meeting. I sang and prayed, by this time crying was on every Side, after 3 Hours struggling in earnest prayer the Lord set 2 Souls at liberty to praise him.

Wednesday 3, this day I find but cold incouragment.

Thursday 4 Here I met a Small congregation—little or no Stir. the Class in this place (I fear) is about to be broken—the Devil is about to sow the Seed of Discord among the Bretheren.

Friday 5, this Day I preached a Funeral Sermon over a little babe near Bartie, where I had formerly rode in time past. Many of the Dear Bartie Bretheren came to hear me, a time of Love and Happiness, great was my consolation to find so many of my Bretheren in the lord was yet on their journey home; in the Evening I rode home with Sister Saurey in Bartie Ct—where I met near two hundred precious Souls, only hearing I was coming, to tarry one evening. I called unto them for Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ etc—a time long to be remembered I hope with many; here I met with a poor Backsliding Sister. My face was a terror to her. I began to Labour with her, and to remind her of the Goodness of God in once pardoning her Sins; the Tears began to fall down her poor Blushing face. While I was preaching I called out upon the Backsliders and bad them venture the second time upon Jesus, that he was still on his Mercy Seat interceeding for them, that he had there a massy Crown of Glory for them if they would but come. Conviction fastened upon her Soul, but cryed the Dove of Heaven was Shut against her. I told her ventur her Soul on him, he had promised to heal the Backsliders and love them freely.—the Congregation broke. She still continued to cry in the Bitterness of her Soul, Lord wilt thou love a Backslider—I thought prayer might prevail on God. I Called upon the brethern for prayer. The Lord soon came and broke every chain and set her at liberty to praise his

Glorious Name. O may She ever Stand faithful unto the end.

Sat. 6. This Morning I feel the infirmities of my poor body almost too great for me to labour. I rode for 9 miles in much pain of body where I found a few Souls awaiting for me. I Spoke from these words of St. Paul: But of him are ye in Christ Jesus &c. The Lord was present with us.

Sun. 7. this day I preached to a large concourse of people. The power of God was much upon them. Shouts and crys to be herd on every side.—I strove to meet the Class, but could not, the Lord would not let me, he willed the people should praise him. Several join'd Society.

Mond. 8. the great power of the Lord was with us—a time of melting love.

Tues. 9. Rode to Smiths Church in Northampton County Northcarolina, in this place the Gospel is preached in So many Different lights, that the Devil Sows the Seed of Discord, to the great and unhappy Spoil of Methodism; a few precious Souls met me, to whome I cried, Submit yourselves to God and, Satra! weeping was on every Side, but how long will these impressions last.—For the Fruit of Righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace: James 3/18

Wed. 10. the Glory of the Lord appears, my Soul is Kept in peace thro Jesus.—

Thur. 11. This day the Lord met with his people.

Frid. 12. I met at this place some of my Strange Brethren in the flesh, with Several other of the Oronoque Brethren, where I had an Opportunity of hearing from the work of the Lord in that part—(in) almost every Quarter of the Earth, in America the Glorious work of Methodism Seems to prosper.—I preached to this people at 11 Oclock, as I expected to preach again at 5 about 8 Miles above.—the Lord with power applied the Truth to the hearts of the Dear people. Several down whose cry was for Merey. About 2 I left them after meeting of large Society. Thro much pain



I got to my second appointment where I found a little solemn attentive concourse of people to whom I cried, He that cometh to God must believe that He is and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. Uncommon attention but no greater good perceivably done, by this my poor Nerves and whole system was relxt. Lord how is it, that my bodily Strength is so extraordinary.

Sat. 13. Bless God, his work seems to move progressively on. In the evening word came that I was to meet brother Paup at Bro. Myricks at his Evening Meeting. I attended but he never came. I endeavored to prove that the Son of Man came to Seek and to save that which was lost. I felt a heart full of love, for the dear People, but I know not whether there was any good done or not.

Sun. 14. I set out early for my next appointment (by the way I met with Bro. Paup, which gave me much Satisfaction,) at Oronoque Chapl. where the people in general flocks out to hear the Word of the Lord. I expect this Day will be held in remembrance thro Eternity, Several Souls Born to God; in the evening I rode 10 Miles and spoke to the dear Black Bretheren, which my Soul Delights to do. (Several White Bretheren came also) the Lord Jehovah was present to help in time of Need. I think a time of sweeter power I never saw. Several Souls I trust powerfully delivered from the Bondage of Eniquity.

Mon. 15. this day I preached a Funeral Sermon over Mr. W. on the South side Oronoque in Melenburge Co'y. I disremember whether ever I spoke to more attentive people in my travels or not, but no other incouragement. yet perceivable, God I believe stood uncommonly near to help the willing in heart; after Preach'g rode home with Sister Elexander, a Comfortable place for the poor Body. O how weak and feeble is my poor System. Lord, Strengthen thy Stripling, make him humble and faithful.

Tues. 16. this day I met a melting congregation of people, the Aweful presence of God was sweetly with us.—I

met the Class there, proceeded to speak to all such as was not of our Society, as is my general rule While I was Speak'g to a young Woman, begging her never to persecute the people of God again, her heart bursted into an Agony of Distress, the Dear Lord speedily came to her relief. In a few Moments a poor Backslider Professed to be reclaimed. My Soul Rejoices every hour of my life when Zion Prospers.

Wed. 17. this Day I thank God, his dear presence was in every heart almost; in the Evening we had a comfortable Prayer Meeting. my Soul grows in Grace Daily, bless God.

Thur. 18. Rode 10 or 12 miles where I met a few Solemn People, a time of love, one Soul born to God, in the Evening Watch or night an uncommon power of Darkness oppos'd us. Several Mourners, but no deliverance.

Fri. 19. a small concourse of people. I strove to meet the Class. O how sweet the Lord filled my cup.—O for more faith and love, at the feet of my Master I dedicate my little all.

Sat. 20 this day my Soul feels grief from Various Quarters. 1. Satan hath Defiled some of the dear children of God 2, an Uncommon coldness among the Bretheren. O how short the Professors of Godliness are of Watching unto Prayer and continuing in the same with Thanksgiving—in the evening held Meeting at a Neighboring Sisters House, the Prayers of the Saints was Jointly sent up to God. We had a little Time of love.

Sun. 21 this Sabbath I met a large concourse of People at this place I was inform'd the people behaved uncommonly bad.—When I was about to introduce my Discourse (which was from Rom. 2:41—2) I cautioned them and begged their attentions, declaring unto them the beauty of Solemnity and attention, both in the Antient and the Young.—Thus I proceeded to my Doctrine, and was much comforted in declaring unto (them) the Word of Truth.—I disremember that I saw but one Soul, but appeared to be thoughtful of Eternal things (this Man is bent to opose, having neither

Wit manners nor breeding.) One of our pious Brothers strove to Reconcile him (by reasoning) but the Satan was raised, until our bro. told him, the Law was made for the Lawless and not the Righteous, which stopped him, I believe from further Mischief. I met part of the Class and Jesus met there with us.—Rode home with Bro. Joseph Speed, Melenburge, comfortable Accomodations for the body.

Mon. 22. this morning my mind is much Disordered, that God may burst the cloud and keep me humble, rode to my Stage where I found twice as many as I really expected; to whome I cried, the Snare is broken and we are escaped; weeping was on every side, many good and Divine impressions upon Antient and Young, but O how long will these impressions last.

Tues. 23. this morning the weather is very warm. I rode Several Miles and spoke with much inability of soul and body; after preaching, I held Love feast and a time of love indeed. Lord carry on thy works. Amen.

Wed. 24. at this time I bless God for a prospect of a revival of religion in general around this Circuit.

Thur. 25. a time of Power among Saints and Sinners.

Frid. 26. here our Dear honest Hearted bro. Seward broke the yoke of oppression from off of his poor Slaves. O that God may make it a growing work. Lord, I trust for more faith and love. This Evening Bro Minter Deacon of Brunswick Co came to Quarter with me on his way to our Q. M. It was a time of love and great power.—He shew me some of his Journals which was rendered very Satisfactory to me, his manner of Journaling gives me a more profitable idea. I must acknowledge my Journal carries but little of my own Spiritual Exercise with it, but for the future I feel resolved to Write more in full.

Saturday 27. This morning we set out for Roanoak Q. M.—a large concourse of people. Bro. Minter preached from these words of the Apostle, Grow in grace—and a time

of grace indeed. Several souls born to God. In the Application my poor Soul broke out in strong desire his perfect will to prove. O what a time of Joy to my heart it was—a heaven begun below—not a cloud did arise to darken the Skies or hide for one Moment my Lord from mine Eyes. This evening we (the preachers) stayed at old Sister Clantons—a time of Grace to our dear Souls.

Sunday 28. at 9 O'clock the love feast began, the house of the Lord was crowded with Christians, a feast of love indeed—the dear Lord soon met with us, which occurred to my Mind the year of Jubilee. Christians filled with the presence of God, Mourners a lying at the pool and Jehovah a perfecting his Saints below—in this time my Soul was filled with anxiety for the Kingdom—praise God my Soul and forget not all his Benefits.

Monday 29. rode home with bro. Cooke. this day my Soul is measurably stayed on the Lord.

Tuesday 30. Much backwardness and dullness of Soul, this state as urksome to me as Dungeon is to the poor Malefactor—bless God, when the people began to approach the House of Prayer my Soul began to breake its gloome, a few happy Souls. I Lectured from Isaiah. 35:50, a time of refreshment from the presence of the Lord. I felt as commonly happy, and feel at present bound for the Cilistial Country.

Wednesday July 1. This morning many are my afflictions of Soul. but I confide in my dear Jesus—Lord help an helpless worm that hangs upon Thee.

Thursday 2. this morning my poor heart and the Corruption thereof raised more against my Soul. I set out for my next stage, where I found a few Precious waiting Souls; I was much more comforted here than I expected. The Class seems to be unstable, and the Enemy of Souls, looses no opportunity but seeks every advantage to scatter tare and slay—in the Evening rode to Bro. B. T. where I met with my dear precious bro. H. Jones, a Deacon, and dear bro. H.

Burchet an Assistant. O how good it is for preachers and People to enjoy Christian Conferences together. Several of the Neighbouring people came out, we had prayer, the Lord wonderfully met with us, 3 or 4 Souls born to God, bless God my soul seems uncommonly drawn out after Sinners. I have late information for Bartie & Portsmouth Circuits—the Lord is at work. O how doth God work in Spite of all the united powers of Earth and Hell.—

Friday 3. this morning the Spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. Lord give Strength for the Day.—Now my Bro's set out for their different Stages, my Soul bids them God speed. I am now Seated in my little apartment for private devotion—a small concourse of people met me, the Lord visited us with power, the Shouts of Israels camp, the cry of the wounded Spirit was heard afare off—in Family pray(er) the Lord came and Delivered one precious Soul.

Saturday 4. this Morning my Soul enjoyed sweet union with God—after riding Several Miles I found my people awaiting for me to whome I cryed, The Snare is broken and we have escaped: at this place I felt bound in Spirit.

Sunday 5 this morning I Met a Black class of about 25 Members, a time of Gods power—my Soul was much blessed indeed among my poor outcast of Men—after this rode to the Loground Ch: a large Number of Souls met me to whome I cryed, Ye will not come unto me that Ye might have life. Sinners appeared to be very hard—after preaching I took Horse for Sister Clarkes, but was turned back by a heavy rain—the people still continued within the Ch: we sang and prayed, now the Lord broke into our Souls a time of love indeed—thence I took horse the second time but got very wet, but I know not the Prejudice it may prove to my body—my Constitution is much impaired—if I never was to preach again while I live, I never should be the Man in Constitution as I have formily been. O that I had Seven more Youths I'de Spend them all (thro. grace) for God.

Monday 6. at this place the Lord hath never failed bless-

ing the people Yet.—I sang and prayed but the Lord overpowered my Soul with such a Divine Sense and Measure of his fullness, that I was incapable of preaching,—great was our Comfort and consolation—my Soul about this time feels an uninterrupted peace with my Jesus.

Tuesday 7. much hardness attend the people, at this place I felt much drawn out after their Souls. Lord revive thy work.

Wednesday 8. at 12 oclock I bury'd a Man that died on Roanoke in a Vessel.—the Evening I spoke again at Sister Peets. I strove to shew the Rise and Progress of True Christianity.—

Thursday 9. My Soul seemed to be under a Cloud, the presence of the Lord makes every Cloud to Breake, and disperses every Gloom.

Friday 10. this morning the Sea is Still great in my peace and Constitution.

Saturday 11. here I took horse for my next Stage, a few happy people, I preached from Ye know the Peace of the Lord &c—the raptures of the poor Saints was glorious to hear.

Saturday 12. this day I met a large Concours of people. I spoke from Rom. 4. down to 12. The place was awful because of the presence of the Lord—my Soul was amply imprest with an awful nearness of the Judgment—O when shall this body of dust and my Intellectual Spirit be Separated, when shall my Triumphant Soul return to God. Its my thought at the last day when the restitution of all things shall be that the Holy Sanctified spirits shall arise, our dead bodys Shall arise, every particle of our dust shall be raised a Spiritual Body. O then Shall my Redeemed Spirit cry out and Say Yonder is the Body which carried my Soul so many weary steps, yonder is the body that commenced a Capital Ware, in my members and Spirit, this is the body I was weary of, but now it is a Spiritual body, now it is a Holy body. Now it is a Glorious body. Hail thou, once Mortal but now Immortal Body. Hail, all Hail my Eternal

Silistial Household. Now I feel perfect Union with you, enter into thy Palace, and redouble thy reunion. Now I am safe and now I am happy. Not a rival of the least Impurity. 4 Souls Born to God today.

Monday 13. this morning a few words past, introduced the subject of Slavery. I was much opposed to the (same). I felt much disconsolate. Now took horse for my next stage—a number of precious dear Souls to whome I cryed Submit Yourselves therefore unto God. &c. the God of Heaven was there—crying and shouting was on every Side. One dear Soul, I hope, borne again, my Soul was overshadowed with the awful Danger that Sinners contentively risks themselves in. My Cup was a mixture. Evening rode home with bro Baugh—great is my warfare—indeed heir of this flesh and body of corruption where shall I obtain Victory.

Tuesday 14. this morning the way appears very narrow indeed and few there be that find it. Lord may the least of all thy Servants find some humble seat beneath the Brides exalted feet. Rode to my appointment where I found a large concourse of people awaiting for the word of the Lord. To whome I cryed, “Ye know the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ” &c. Many deeply distressed for the Kingdom of God.

Wednesday 15. this day the Lord powerfully met with his little flock—a time of deep distress with Sinners—an overflowing time of love with the Christians, here my Soul tasted the Tree of life. O that I could drop every thought and word as in the presence of Jesus my great and Eternal Judge of Quik and Dead.

Thursday 16. this day my Soul enjoys a measure of Gods presence, it is my Study to live daily for God & the good of Souls—it is my longest grief that my life is no more useful.

Friday 17. rode to my appointment where I joyfully met with Bro. Henry Ogburn an Itinerant Preacher—he spake from these words.—Strive to enter in at the straight gate,

for many shall seek to enter in and shall not be able—a Seasonable time of Grace—this Evening I went with bro. Ogburn to see the wife of our Old Bro. O’Kelly Presiding Elder Virginia—going to prayer before we went away the Lord powerfully blest my Soul—upon our return to bro. T. Jones’s an eminent place for religion, we had a Consort of Musick, O how sweet and melodious transport’g and animating it was. but O if this be so inexpressible glorious, what hight of rapture shall we know when round his throne we meet.

Saturday 18. this Morning I parted Bro. O and out for, my other oppoint—a few people met me to whome I cryed Submit Yourselves therefore to God &c. I (had) little or no liberty in speaking, only a burning fury in my Soul against blood and oppression—would to God the abominable custom was buried in Eternal forgetfulness—met the Class, a time of inspeakable joy to my Soul—this being the Eighteenth day of the Month which Night of every Month I have covenanted to watch and pray untill 12 Oclock. It was a time of uncommon Consolation to my Soul. O how little of watchery unto prayer is found among our bretheren. Lord give diligence to our dear people. Heaven drop the Divine Nature into our dear peoples Souls.

Sunday 19. this day I spoke to a lage attentive Congregation of People—a time of love in Class Meeting. I want more grace and every Qualification for the great Ministry of the Lord.

Monday 20. a few hearers—little or no light or liberty in speaking—happy Class meeting. bless the Lord for this privilege, it is worth Millions. this Evening I feel a Strength in my Soul for more of the Nature of God to be instamped within me—Lord make me wise to win souls to thee—help Lord.

Tuesday 21. this morning I feel the capital need for a closer walk with God.—rode to my next Stage—a few people Met me to whome I cryed “The Son of Man has come to



Seek and to Save that Which is Lost"—the Lord was present—a melting time in our Class Meeting—my Soul was much refreshed to find the little flock progressively moving forward.

Wednesday 22. I feel the great need of faith and love, which is Essentially necessary to bare up a Soul under all the Difficulties of this mortal Life. A few attentive people met me to whome I cryed, He that love life and See good Days let him refrain his tongue from evil and his lips that they speak no guile &c. Nothing great done here because of Unbelief—happy Class Meeting—by this time my bodily strength fails me, my Soul loaths this body of clay—Lord stir me to double my Diligence for Heaven, and for the profit of Souls.

Tuesday 23. this morning my mind is much wondring—may God, who never fails them who trust him, break every Obstruction, and let my Soul be staid up (on) his lovely breast—rode to my appt. where I met with a large concourse of people, to whom I cryed, what is man that Thou art mindful of him or the Son of man that thou so visits him—a time of power, happy Class meeting. Met the Children—their little hearts milted with sorrow, bless God for the lively prospect we have with the little ones. Lord carry it on.—evening the dear black bretheren began to sing as they ware in their cottage. I went to join them, we went to prayer—two of them prayed, much to the purpose, the Lord soon visited them in an uncommon manner—my Soul felt as if Heaven was just then at hand, bless God if I mistake not I never met with these people in my life, but God blest my Soul with them—I fear many bloody oppressors heart will get hardened thro the deceitfulness (of) that accursed Sin.

Friday 24. I feel, I thirst, I breathe for more of the mind of my Master. rode to my appointment where I found the people awaiting, to whome I cryed Our Souls is Escaped &c. Ps: 124.7. the Lord was powerfully near, the place felt awful because of his presence, my Soul was much comforted

in class,—thence I met the Dear little Children, I began with prayer, the Lord powerfully operatd upon their little Minds, a outcry began among them for Mercy and so continued untill God sweetly and visibly Delivered two of their Young souls. O the Sweet Shout that Christians Echoed to God and the Lamb for his kind presence to heal their little Children. In the Evening met the Black people. O what a time of Grace this was to my Soul, many of the dear blacks powerfully wrought upon, whose cry was for Mercy. Here God converted another little dear Child. My Joy in the Holy Ghost was inexpressible, my heart was filled with Tenderness, here my poor body began to fail me.

Saturday 25. this morning I take horse for my next Stage—on my way I met with one of our Representatives Clo J. J.: after a few sentences of political matter we turned upon Ecclesiastical matter—he soon opened his Sentiment concerning the Abominable Custom of Slavery—a great advocate for blood—we soon parted—little or no Satisfaction—So I met my people, here I visibly felt the effects of Last Evenings Mgs. I spoke from Saint Lukes G. Ch. 19.10. a great time and season of grace indeed to my Soul and I hope to many others—this Evening I rode to bro. M. M. where I met with dear bro. Paup—great was our union with God and each other while together.

Sunday 26. we parted and repaired to our Different Stages—this day great was the concours of people which I spoke unto from Rom. 2, 4. 12. very happy was the dear people in general—one Soul born again. a tolerable degree of peace now rests on my poor insignificant Soul. Lord make more watchful, more Holy, more humble, more pious, and more useful.

Monday 27. this morning my mind is much perplexed by reason of some Temporal Business. I take Horse for my next Stage, where I found considerable Number of Souls awaiting, to whome I cryed wilt thou be made whole—a sweet time among the Christians. I felt as if God would

make some of them whole in a little time. Met the Class—the Lord came—Healed one precious Soul. O how my Soul rejoice—Now I tooke Horse to Meet the presid'g Elder, for our Diocese—by the way I caled in upon one of our Bros. W. A. and took a little refreshment, thence we approached his throne to aske a blessing upon our parting—Jesus came and sweetly water'd our little Spirits.

Tuesday 28. this morning I feel in some measure discompos'd. rode with Bro. G to hear my father in the Gospel preach, (I. G.) his text was, And he came unto his own. and Satra. the people seemed to be much blesed. after preaching Sister W. distressed much my poor Soul, by mentioning an old, infamous report over again which the Devil about 12. months ago was pleased to raise, upon me. I felt very much discompos'd that Evening thro: rode to Bro. E. B. I still felt very unhappy, much tempted that not one of the Bretheren loved me as formerly, I sunk under dejection, I could not forbare but opened my Mind and Temptations, to my dear Bretheren. I proved the Devil to be an infamous lyar. In family prayer the Lord came and broke the cloud of Hell. O how Sweetly my Soul rejoiced in the Holy one of Israel. God be thanked for his Grace is freely bestowed on such a worm as me.

Wednesday, 29. Today I rode to hear my Dear old Bro. Okelly preach—a large audience of people indeed, his text in Habikuk 3.17.18.—a time of the outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord upon the people, my Soul felt a sweet peace in time of Sacrament. Rode that evening with my old bro. to Sister Ms—great was our Consolation indeed.

Thursday 30. this morning I set on Horse for my Circuit again—the rain soon began to fall—many ware my Exercises on the way—the rain continually falling for about 23 or 4 Miles. I was much lost at times not being acquainted with the way: so I was water wet. the effects of it I soon felt but the Lord ever provides—O for grace to keep me humble.

Friday 31. this Morning I feel much disordered in body

—took Horse for my next Stage—here I found many of my old Bartie Bretheren from fare to see me. I was scarsely able to preach yet God gave me strength for the day—a time of grace with the people of God. I was measurably happy but as common.

Saturday August 1. this morning I find a struggle within for more gospel grace. Took Horse for my next Stage where I found a number of precious Souls awaiting to hear the word of the Lord to whome I cryed, the Lord oppeneth the Eyes of the Blind, the Lord Raiseth them that are bowed down, the Lord loveth the Righteous—the people called Methodist, in the low Grounds of Meheren, are so prejudiced, against the Doctrine of truth Mercy and Justice, that the fire of Zeal is nearly extinet. Oppression, that hateful name, how my Soul is burdened with the accursed Sight—about this time I had a Sharpe Dagger to my heart, the narrow hearted professors a backbiting and a slandering the preachers. O that poor blind Bro. A. J. that declares to prove bro. P a lyar, and to shut the Church door against him.—Good Lord forgive him, he knows not what he does or says.—well might our Lord say will ye also go away, may God keep me humble, and take me to his Self before I ever fall into that abominable Spirit of Blood.—if ever I get rich through Slavery I shall esteem myself a Traitor, and claim a part in Hell with Judas, and the rich glutton—I feel an Holy Ambition again Blood, blood, blood. O how it cryes from the ground up to God against the poor Antichristian.

Sunday 2. rode to the Lowgions Cr. A numnerous Congregation indeed but theire blind angry prejudices dissaffected the word. I strove to speake against that Spirit of Slandering, backbiting, gain saying and Evil Speaking, one of and against another. O how the poor hand hung and no one to bare it up, neither to strengthen the feeble Ne'k. While speaking the vehemeny of the weather and the weakness of my body overcame me so that I sunk in the desk—there sat one of our good pious brothers who stood up and spoke

in my place, "Help Lord for that Godly Man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the Children of Men"—Took Horse for the dear good Sister Clark (a mother in Israel) we were occasioned by a cloud to call in upon bro. Cl. where my soul was heavy oppressed with sorrow and grief to see the result of prejudice—he showed me a piece which he lately wrote against bro. P. Sermon Preached at or in the Lowgroune Church,—I will Extol thee, O Lord. for thou hast lifted me up and hast not mademy foes to rejoice, over me, thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy Names sake lead me and guide me, for into thy hand I com- mit Spirit, for thou hast redeemed me O lord God of Truth. —O how great is thy goodness which hast laid up for all them that fear thee. O love the Lord all ye his Saints for the Lord praiseth the faithful. Good is the will of the Lord.

Monday 3. this Morning the Lord is near at hand and not afare off—happy time indeed with the Christians, Class meeting a time of great Grace,—my Soul felt the Holy Sanctifying Streams of love, unspeakable happy, praise God of my Soul, and all and every power, every faculty, every Substance, within me praise the Lord,—In the Evening most uncommonly and powerfully Tempted—I rarely ever get very happy but soon after I feel Some thing as severe all most as the Darts of Hell to my (heart).

Tuesday 4. Took horse this Morning for my next Stage, a bout a Douzin of my near and dear Methodist Bretheren with me; it was rather late when I reached my Stage by reason of a Shower of rain. I was much comforted to find more people than I ever saw at this place before. I cryed unto them the Snare is broken &c. Many and loud was the cryes of the dear people for Mercy. I dont remember whither I ever saw so general impression to the Number of people in all my Circuits. the Lord prosper it but who can tell how long this may stand. Rode home with Sister Peete. my Soul seems measurably happy, but my whole Sistem of Nature Seems to be relaxed.

Wednesday 5. this Morning my body is much disordered but bless God my Sould can truly say that good is the will of the Lord. Now the people began to gather, to whome I cryed,—Wilt thou be made whole—? I strove by the grace of God to inform the peoples judgements of the nature of their Souls, its faculties and essence. 2. I strove to open the wound in this Soul. 3. pointed the phician his means of recovery. 4. what was employed in being made whole, and lastly inforst the important Question, wilt thou be made whole? Weeping was on every side, I believe God is about to revive his work among sinners. Class Meeting, 5 or 6 down crying bitterly for Mercy. O how is it that my poor Body holds up with that degree of Strength as what it really does. In my evenings Prayer and Meditation I felt a struggle in my Soul for victory. I thought if I fought untill the Mid watch of the Night—I was resolved not to give up the point. It was not many minutes after before I felt as if Hell received a heavy reproof—the Lord Jesus appeared in his beauifiul picture. his Countenance ravished my heart, his presence made all within me rejoice. O he fills me. It fills me. My Dear Jesus you have gained my heart. O that I may be humble.

Thursday 6. this Morning I took horse for my next Stage where I found a few Souls awaiting to hear the word of the Lord, to whome I cryed for ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ &c. I think happier people I never saw in general than these, they are a teachable people, God loves them for their Simplicity and their labours of Love. O my Soul was in raptures beyond Expression, infinately Happy. While Jesus reigns so lovely in my poor unworthy heart—I am at a loss for language to express my God, in such wonders as he discovers unto me a poor insignificant Worm of the Earth.

Friday 7. I arose with a heart fild with Struggles for more grace—my body thro the effects of much and hard preaching calls aloud for more of the sweet presence of the

helper of the Helpless. I have ever made it a point of Conscience to fast on this day, but oft times feel the weighty effects of the same prejudicial to my Preach'g. I took horse for my next Stage where I found many precious Souls waiting for the precious word of the Gospel.—To whom I cried many are the Afflictions of the Righteous but the Lord delivereth him out of them all; a season of Grace indeed. Met the Class with much weakness of body and took Horse for eveg appointment.—where I met several of my dear old friends which I had not Seen for a considerable Span of time. I preached a coniderable and then rode 5 or 6 Miles to lodge, by this my poor body was well nigh Spint. Yet bless God my Soul was kept as a marracle of grace happy in Gods Holy love—from my feelings I did not Expect to rest scarcely any that evening but honour to God a sweeter nights rest I rearly ever enjoy—the Next Morning rose happy in Soul and took horse for my next Stage with my Bro. & Sister M with me. We had an Uncommon (time) of Grace and love indeed, Jesus was there, my Soul felt a fresh spring for Glory. after Meeting Class to Horse to meet Bro Minter at our bro. M. M. where we by Appt. meet once in 2 weeks—I bless God it was Sanctified an Infinite blessing to my poor Soul. Lord let me be one of the Humble and Meek that shall see the great Glorious Kingdom of God.

Sunday 9. This day I spoke to a large Audience of people,—my Soul was much blessed in Speaking—uncommon attention—a great Time of love, I trust long to be remembered. Rode for 10 Miles to rest. The rain came upon me and wet me considerable but bless God—my often geting wet never proved very fatal as yet.

Monday 10. this Morning I feel much disordered—my poor little Tenament much impaired. Lord stand by. I spoke from these words of Saint Paul—Blest of him are you in Christ Jesus etc. Uncommon hardness attened the people, happy Class Meeting, 2 Souls born again.

Tuesday 11. Rode to my next Stage where generally

many dear People attends on the word of the Lord. I spoke from Jno. 5-6. great attention rested among the people, a time of great power—weeping on every side. Persecution arose very warmly.—in all of this time I felt an uncommon love for the precious Souls of my dear fellow mortals. we had a general Struggle for and with Sinners.

Wednesday 12. this Morning I arose with prayer in my heart to God, but was much oppressed with Heaviness and Sorrow. Took horse for my next Stage, called in and breakfast with Dear bro T. L.—we joined in prayer to give God the Glory of all things. I felt something of the presence of my Master on my way to my next Stage, I felt very Solemn and Awful. about 12 oclock I reached my people awaiting.—after introducing the worship with praise, we with one consent joined in prayer—how the Lord was pleased to break into my poor Soul with power. A sweet time in Class Meeting—I was infinitely in my God. Rode home (this Evening) with dear bro. A. G. a dear Holy Man of God—as we rode, we conversed about Politicall and Spiritual Matter. we particularly observed the reality of religion, and that faithfulness was Required, as an Excellent grace or Qualification to resist Hell in all its attempts. So we freely opened hearts and minds to each other—here was a doore for every fals Imagination to be removed.—O that God may give me grace always to act to his Glory. Amen.

Thursday 13. this Morning I felt barren, the Need of a continual looking unto God.—Lord give Strength—I must now prepare to meet my Adversary and poor Sinners, to reason and fight for my Master. Took horse for my Stage, found a few dear people waiting for me. Text was Psa. 146. 8. The Lord openeth the Eyes of the blind; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down, the Lord loveth the Righteous—Great was our consolation of Spirit. Rode home with Bro. H., his children wicked around him.—my Spirit felt in a measure bound in Soul—no place of retirement—my Soul was hungry.—I strove to pray as I sat in my chair. So



persued my business of writing—compleating my little System of Divinity.—this Eveng Bro. E. T. came to see me—much Comfort and Satisfaction in Eveng Meditation.—Retired back to the house—Family prayer came on, my Soul was uncommonly led out after the fullness of God: several young people (wicked)—O what a feeling God gave me for them, I prayed and warned them faithfully, and so lay me down to rest—but the next Morn. they arose and left the house before prayer. I hope the Spirit of God will not leave nor forsake them.

Friday 14. this Morning I felt more than commonly weak in body. As usual I fast and pray fervently this day of the weak for Zions general prosperity. I took horse with much weakness of body for Bro. T. T. where our good pious Sister Jones lives, but few people to hear me. I spak from Psa: 34—a season of grace indeed. Met the little class—the sweet presence of the Lamb was there—after preaching and class I fell into discourse with Sister S. J. about Sanctification—that blessed work—may God spread it thro America. She shew me many of her letters from our preachers & people which began to cindle flame of desire in my Soul for more of the Mind of my dear well beloved, amongst which she shewed me one of dear Bro. Okelly's Journals for the year 86—in the Evening I retired to read it and to embrace prayer and Meditation—O how was it, my Soul leaped as an heart within me for joy, whin I have clear view of the God—blest Itinerant plan, the progress of our building here below, my Soul is lost yea lost I say again, lost for language to declare the Unutterable Joy of Heaven in my heart.—O that God ever take such an insignificant dust as me, and put me into this most glorious work. Lord how shall I praise thee.

Saturday 15. this morning my poor Soul is happy yea happy beyond expression—took horse for the Next Stage, Old Bro. Easters, Sister Jones with me. Bro. Samuel Young a young convert set out to take a tower round the Circuit with me. O that God may Saneitify an infinite

Blessing to his dear Soul. Lord help me to lay the Example before him. I arrive to my Stage—a few dear people waiting for the word to whome I cryed. the Snare is broken and Satra The Lord was present with us in Class M'g. Rode home with dear Bro. C. Some comfort in my Evening Meditation—Family prayer the Lord broke in in an uncommon Manner, upon our poor lean Souls—a time of rejoicing. Lay down to rest happy. Some time in the Night—I judge near the Middle watch—I awaked in raptures of Heaven by the sweet Echo of Singing in the Kitchen among the dear Black people (who my Soul loves). I scarcely ever heard anything to equal it upon earth. I rose up and strove to join them—ah—I felt the miserably weight of oppression intolerable upon my heart—while the proud whites can live in luxury and abomination making a mock of God and his word, the African upholds him by his Swet and labour of his willing hands—and if they serve the Lord God it must be in the dead of night when they ought to be taking rest to their bodys, O blood, blood how awful it Cryes up before God, against my poor unjust professing Bro—well I must have patience—hope God will work for his own Glory.

Sunday 16. this Morning my whole System of Nature seems to be confus'd. Took Horse for my Stage—large concourse of people. I felt umch indisposed to speak by reason of my indisposition of body, but I dare to refuse—great attention while I spoke from I Peter 4, 18. None misbehaved only 2 men that ware more like Ragamuffins, than Rational Men. I hope there will be fruit found at the last day.—Rode home with my good bro. and sister J. O. I felt uncommonly poorly. therefore I must needs Glory, I will Glory of the things which concern my infirmityes—for I have nothing whereof to glory outwardly. Noon will I pray unto my God for in God I have put my trust—I will not be afraid what Man can do unto me—this Evening I had a blessed Shower from Heaven as I lay up stairs musing on the Glorified State of the Saints—the dear Sister

below began singing these words—O that day when freed from living I shall see thy lovely face, Clothed in blood washed lining (sic), How I'll Sing thy Sovereign grace; it was like fire to a multitude of Powder. my Soul caught it as lightning, from thence I caught a Bro. just by and so the second untill we raised a shout to God—a time of power in family prayer. O how I felt for Sinners—O that dear Mother of mine—what a struggle I felt in my soul for her. I laid me down to rest in much pain of body.

Monday 17. this Morning as I awok I felt a rack all over my Nervous System. God give grace and Strength for the day—my labour is too hard for the strength of my body—I dont know that I have thought of living long in the sweet work but I wish to die in the cause. Yea sometime I wish to die in the Pulpit. I am now where I expect to preach today by the grace of God to a few simple hearted people—I spoke from these words, What is Man &c. Some degree of liberty but little (or) no good done. Sweet class Meeting—my Soul tasted the grace.

Tuesday 18. rode to my next Stage bro. T. & bro. O. with me, few people—I had some degree of liberty in speaking—I felt for Sinners, a time of love, bro. S. R. from Brunswick Ct. met the Class—this Eving we all had watch Night, good many people—I thought to have spoke but a little while, and so for my other bros. to have preached after me. I began a little after eight o'clock and spoke untill about half after Ten o'clock. O how near the Lord laid sinners to my poor heart—Weeping was on every side yet none converted—about 2 o'clock we got to rest. My soul is happy in God, sleeping or waking—Glory to my God—not a cloud doth arise to darken the skies or hide for one moment my lord from my eyes.

Wednesday 19. bro. Ogburn spoke for me—my body well nigh spent—a time of power indeed—in the evening to old Bro. Melones—here we had a season of grace.

Thursday 20. this morning I want to be swallowed up in

my God. after a little Breakfast I took a walk under the green shady Bowers and there spent the time in prayer and Meditation untill 12 Oclock, then repaired to face my enemy. To whome I cryed these be they who separate themselves, sensual, having not the Spirit. &c. people behaved badly. Several stayed in Class Meeting. Some join'd—here a poor black Man began to get happy with Shouting—a poor young backslider began to laugh at him, whome I sharply reprov'd and asked him if he was not ashamed and told him if it was me I would go out at the dore if I could not behave no better—he gave me a silly look grited & gnashed his Teeth and out he went. I looked for him afterwards but could not find him.

Friday 21. this Morning I feel very much oppressed with peevishness of Spirit. Rode to my next appointment, but few people—to whome I cryed Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ &c. happy Class Meeting—the Evening several blacks came to meet me, as they cannot come to preaching in the day they came out many of a night. the Lord pour'd down his Spirit on the dear people both white and black, a time of love indeed to my poor Soul. I felt God above me Soul and body.—O what a heaven I felt within.

Saturday 22. this Morning I feel uncommonly poorly by reason of the repeted effects of much and hard preaching night and day. Took horse for my next Stage—I found a few simple hearted people waiting to whome I cryed Submit yourselves therefore unto God &c. a Melting time indeed among the Christians: it was a weight of Gods love like Eternity. Sinners stood amazed and trembled, wept and pray'd, O how was it my Soul was so bountifully filled with God—this Evening rode to meet bro. Minter—with him came dear bro. H. Jones one of our travelling preachers, who was appointed to ride the Banks Ct. got part of his way, was taken Sick and returned again,—little bro. Pool with him, a young bro. that I hope my God will make a preacher—a seasonable time of grace, I hope longe to be Remembered.

Sunday 23. this Morning bro. Minter and myself met in Band—my Soul was much blest in the enjoyment of the Same. I have been often tempted, by the feeling of Nature and the many oppositions which arise from various Quarters that I was not fit to Stand or Speak for God.—that no preacher ever was so exercised and tempted as I was, but the Devil is a liar from the beginning. Every preacher finds his own trials which are many. Rode to my next Stage—Number of people—bro. Miles Green from B. Ct. Preached from these words—to make ready a people prepared for the Lord—a season of grace indeed. Meeting this Evening at bro. Droomgols. I began to speak on the goodness of God to Sinners in puting so many Privileges into their hands to make there calling and election sure—a time of power with my Soul.

Monday 24. took horse for my next Stage bro. M. G. with me. he spoke, strive to enter in at the straight gate &c. A great time of love among the people of God—here I parted with bro. M. G. and rode to my next Stage. Much soreness in my lungs.

Tuesday 25. few people—a hard Struggle for victory—at last the cloud broke and the people shouted—Lord carry on thy work among the people.

Wednesday 26. I preached at Hixes ford in the Court-house, few people No prospects—rode home with bro. Jno Myrick—happy this evening in prayer and Meditation. Family prayer—the Lord blessed almost every one in the House—a great power among the Blacks—may the Lord save them. •

Thursday 27. this Morning I feel the need of faith and patience. Took horse for my next Stage, a few people. I spake from I Peter 3. 10. 11. 12. Happy time in the first prayer—a poor man sat as if he was nailed to the seat—I prayed for him sincerely—as Soon as prayer was over he took his hat and with resentment went home.—I hope God will follow him—this evening rode to bro. B. T.—met bro. H. P. from Bartie. Several of the friends and Sinners

came out to prayer—a time of the power of the Lord among the people, good News from every Quarter, the Lord's a binding Sinners to his Gospel Septre.—I bless God for the Measure of love I feel toward all Mankind for Christ Sake.

Friday 28. this day I expect to fast and pray. Preached and Exhort. with all long Sufferings, Sinners to come to God: a little time of love among the dear people of God. In the evening rode to bro. Sanreys, Bartie Circuit, Where I met a large congrragation, to whome I cryed what is Man that thou art mindful of him or the Son of Man that thou so visitest him—I divided it into three heads as follows,

- I. thus to Show the primevial Rectitude of Man.
2. Consider Man in his state of apostasy.
3. Advance Som Scripture Demonstrations of the visitations of God to Man to bring him unto a State of acceptance again.

I opened the first proposition in a few Sentences—In opening the Second head, the Lord poured down his Spirit upon the people—a general outcry for Mercy and the Noise of the Shout of Joy. Soon over whelm'd (by) my preaching I sat me down and sweetly drank into the sweet spirit of peace, Righteousness, Joy and love. I felt an uncommon desire for Sinners to come to the knowledge of Truth and live. O how beautiful and how pleasant an aspect I saw with my eyes—Several small children happy in the Lord, aclaping their hands with shouts of Glory to the holy one of Israel.

Saturday 29. this Morning I feel but very poorly in my body—took Horse for my Circuit & Stage again, Several of the Dear Bertheren with me,—about 12 oclock I reached my Stage where I found a few precious Souls waiting for the word of the Lord. I went up stares as usual, but could not fix my mind upon any particular portion of Scripture to preach from—I went down and introduced the Solemn worship of God with Singing and prayer—after prayer these

words run through my mind with Spirit and life—Wilt thou be Made whole? Jno. 5-6. I opened it as follows,

1. I opened the wound in the Soul.
2. Pointed out the Phisician and his means of recovery.
3. I shewed what was imployed in being made whole.
4. Inforced the important Question Wilt thou be made whole—a Small degree of Liberty in Speaking to the first and second heads of doctrine,—by this time my bodily strength failed me—this is Something that I cannot account for—when my Strength of body fails it cuts my ideas Short—we had a happy time in Class. Many sweet shouts of Glory to God: after preaching took Horse and rode to bro. Ms.—many was my exercises this Evening—I began to read the Journal of dear Bro. J. Mintern one of our travelling preachers—it was the first part of his Journal from his Cradle to Manhood and thence to conviction repentance unto Salvation, and to his Calls to preach the Gospel of Christ. It attracted my Spirit and finding Something that bore a witness in my Soul of the reality thereof, that it was rendered an Infinite blessing to my Soul. I retired among the silent groves to meet with Jesus, to read the Journal, pray and Meditate—I found time so sweet and precious, that the silent watches of that night Agt 28&9 witnesseth the Integrity of my Importunity with God. In this sweet space of time several of the Young Sisters also retired in private devotion to God, but was soon filed with raptures of praise to God, so that the sound thereof was heard afare off.

Sunday 30. this morning I find many conflicts with the Enemy. Took horse for my Stage where a large Number of souls appeared with decency—I Spoke from Jude. 19. 20. 20. In my Introduction I shewed the rise and fall of our old Church—basted the Hireling well by the grace of God.—I did not feel the least touch of the fear of men or Devils—and then proceeded to shew the authenticity of our Church, its foundation—Its maker and builder is God. 2ndly Shewed the Separatest Sensual having not the Spirit. 3rdly but

Ye beloved building up yourselves. &c. the Strength of my body was well nigh spent. I called upon one of our pious bros. to conclude but he did not speak long before the Measure of his cup was filled with Joy so that he could not stand—by this time the Lord was all over the church—I called for bro. F. C. to go to prayers. O the outpouring of the Spirit of the (Lord) was great:—the dear black people was filled with the power & spirit of God and began with a great Shout to give Glory to God—this vexed the Devil. He entered into the cruel whitemen with violence (who) eagerly ran into the Church with sticks clubs and caines—abeating and abusing the poor Slaves them outcast of Men for praising of God—O America how she groans under the burden of Slavery—Remark—a Magistrate, that has take the oath, was the Instigator of it—with his bloody hand Stretched out against God and in the hands of Satan his father strives to prevent the worke of the Lord and establishes vice and Immorality. I hope God will by Some turn of providence remove him from his office and replace another.—With bitter oaths and gnashing of teeth he put up a prayer that we the preachers was all in Some Miserable Infernal Place. I think he ought to be presented and oncommissioned!—What think Ye? I think if ever I saw happy people it was today under persecution—O the tears, screams, crys and groans for the wicked it was awful.—I looked out at the window while I stood at the desk and behold: a poor black bro. lucked me in the face, with bursting grief tears of blood, roling down his bruised face, and cried, this is what I have got for praising of my dear Jesus.—It reached my poor heart, I begged him to bare it for Christ Sake, he would Soon (if he was faithful) be out of the reach of their Clubs—O how can I rest when I see my bro unhumanely intrated. O America, America; blood and oppression—will be thy overthrow. So I took horse for my next Stage—this Evening thro Mercy I safely arrived there with Several more of the Bretheren.—When our Horses and bodys was comfortably refreshed—thence



I retired with bro. C. H. & T. C. for private devotion—the Lord met with us in a sweet manner.—We had a smart combat with the Enemy—at last Jesus crowned bro. C. H. with victory—he cried out Victory, Victory and Jesus, I have Seen thee. Let the Earth drink my blood before ever I submit to captivatee by the Devil.—we still rased in prayer to God—in a few minutes bro. F. C. broke thro and rejoiced in God his Saviour with Raptures unspeakable.—while the Spirit of victory bid my feeble Soul to fear not—I felt a little Heaven within—peace sweetly Harmonizing every power—O Jesus keep me more humble and give me more grace, O could I find some swifter way to gloryfy my dear Master—my every prayer diligently be employed to his New and living work. Supper was set, and then family prayer. O how Jesuses sweet lovely features attracted my whole Souls attention—I gazed upon him with unspeakable delight. O how all Nature rejoiced with my Soul. I laid me down to rest with Jesus in my Soul

Monday 31. this Morning I awoked in the sweet spirit of peace, the first thing every Morning after puting on my Appal. is to pay my vows unto the Lord. I must now lay down my pen to prepare for publick preaching.—a few people to whome I cryed ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ &c—a time of love and power among the Christians—happy class Meeting. I have so often observed the blessed Effects of the class Meeting that I highly esteem it, one of the richest pastures we enjoy—it appears if we were not to enjoy that privilege our people (would) soon be a hump or body of formality.





